DIVINE FANCIES:

Digeſted into

EPIGRAMMES, MEDITATIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS.

By FRA: QVARLES.

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TO

THE ROYALL BVDDE OF MAIESTIE,

and *Center* of all our Hopes and Happineſſe, CHARLES, *Prince* of Great BRITAINE, *France* and *Ireland*, *SONNE* and *HEYRE* Apparant to the *High* and *Mighty* CHARLES, by the *Grace* of God, *King* of Great BRITAINE, FRANCE, and IRELAND, *&c.*

Illuſtrious Infant;

GIve mee leave to acknowledge my ſelfe thy *Servant*, ere thou knowſt thy Selfe my *Prince*: My *Zeale* burnes me, and my *deſires* are im-

patient: My breeding *Muſe* longs for *greene Fruit*, and cannot ſtay thy *ripeneſſe*: Sweet *Babe*; The loyalty of my Service makes bold to conſecrate theſe early Leaves to thy ſacred *Infancie*, not knowing how to glorifie themſelves, more, then by the Patronage of ſuch Princely *Innocencie*. Modell of Sweetneſſe, Let thy buſie Fingers entertaine this ſlender Preſent, and let thy harmeleſſe Smiles crowne it: When thy Infancie hath crackt the *Shell*, let thy Childhood taſt the *Kernell*; In the meane while, let thy little hands and Eyes peruſe it: Lugge it in thy tender Armes, and lay thy burthen at thy Royall *Parents* feet; for whoſe ſake, it may gaine ſome honor from their glorious *Eyes*. Heaven bleſſe thy Youth with *Grace*, and crowne thy

thy Age with *Glorie*: Angels conduct thee from the *Cradle*, to the *Crowne*: Let the *Engliſh Roſe* and the *French Lilly* flouriſh in thy lovely *Cheeke*: And let their united *Colours* preſage an everlaſting *League*. Let the eminent Qualities of both thy renowned *Grand-fathers* meet in thy Princely Heart; that thou mayſt, in *Peace*, be honourable; and in *Warre*, victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royall Parents *Vertues* make thee up a moſt incomparable *Prince*, the firme *Pillar* of our Happines, and the future *Object* of the Worlds wonder

Expected, and prayd for

by

Your *Highneſſes* moſt Loyall
and humble Servant,

FRA: QVARLES.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOV-
rable and truely vertuous Lady,
MARY *Counteſſe of Dorſet*, Governeſſe to
that Royall *Infant*, CHARLES, *Prince* of
Great BRITAINE, *France*, and *Ireland*,
the Mirror of un-ſtained
HONOVR.

Moſt excellent LADY,

YOV *are that* Starre, *which ſtands over the place, where the* Babe *lyes; By whoſe direction light, I am come from the* East, *to preſent my* Myrrh, *and* Frankinſenſe *to the* yong Child:

A *Let*

Let not our Royall IOSEPH, *nor his Princely* MARY *be affrayd; there are no* Herods *here; We have all ſeene his* Starre *in the Eaſt, and have rejoyced: Our loyall hearts are full; for our eyes have ſeene him, in whom our Poſterity ſhall bee bleſſed: To him,* moſt honorable Lady, *I addreſſe my thoughts; To* Him, *I preſume to conſecrate theſe Lines; which, ſince it hath pleaſed our gracious Soveraigne to appoint you the* Governeſſe *of his Royall* Infancy, *I have made bold to preſent, firſt, to your noble hands; not daring, in my very thoughts, to diſjoyne, whom his Sacred Maieſtie, in ſo great wiſedome, hath put together; or to conſider ſeverally, where his Highneſſe hath made ſo inviolable a Relation.* Madam, *May your* Honors *increaſe with your howers, and let eternall Glory crowne your* Vertues;

that

that when this Age ſhall ſleep in Duſt, our Children, *yet unborne, may honor your glorious Memory, under the happineſſe of his Government, whoſe* Governeſſe *you are; which ſhall be daily the Subiect of his Prayers, who is*

The ſworne-Servant of your
Ladiſhips Perfections,

FRA: QVARLES.

To GOD.

GLorious and Great; whose power did divide
The Waves, *and made them* Walls *on either side;*
That didst appeare in Cloven-tongues of Fyre;
Divide my Thoughts: and, with thy selfe, inspire
My Soule; O cleave my Tongue, *and make it scatter*
Various Expressions *in a various* Matter;
That, like the painfull Bee, *I may derive*
From sundry Flow'rs, *to store my slender* Hive:
Yet, may my Thoughts *not so divided be,*
But they may mixe againe, and fixe in Thee.

DIVINE

To the Readers.

Eaders, I will not (like One that knowes the ſtrength of his own *Muſe*) commit *Rape* upon your *Vnderſtandings*, nor rayle at your *Ignorances*, if our Wits iumpe not: I have written at my own perill; underſtand you at your owne pleaſures: I have not ſo little *Man* in me, as to want my faults; nor ſo much *Foole* in me as to thinke it; nor ſo little *Modeſty* as to ſweare it; nor ſo much *Childe* in me as to whine at *Zoilus*: My requeſt is, That the faultles hand may caſt the firſt *ſtone*, So although I cannot avoyd the common Lot of man, *Error*; I may eſcape the puniſhment of the Common Man, *Cenſure*.

I heere preſent thee with a *Hive of Bees*; laden, ſome with *Wax*, and ſome with *Honey*: Feare not to approach; There are no *Waſpes*; there are no *Hornets*, here: If ſome wanton *Bee* ſhould chance to buzze about thine eares, ſtand thy Ground, and hold thy

hands: There's none will ſting thee, if thou ſtrike not firſt: If any doe; ſhe hath Honey in her *Bagge*, will cure thee too: In playner tearmes, I preſent thee with a Booke of *Fancies*; Among which, as I have none to boaſt of; ſo (I hope) I ſhall have none to bluſh at. All cannot affect all: If ſome pleaſe all; or all, ſome, 'tis more then I expect; I had once thought to have melted the Title, and caſt it into ſeverall Bookes, and have lodg'd *Obſervations*, *Meditations*, and *Epigrams* by themſelves; but new thoughts have taken place: I have required no helpe of Herauld, either to place, or to proclaime them. *Cards*, well ſhuffled, are moſt fit for *Gameſters*; And oftentimes, the paſtime of *Diſcovery* adds pleaſure to the *Enioyment*: The Generous *Faulkner* had rather retrive his *Partridge* in the open Feilds, then meet her in his coverd Diſh. Only this: when you read a *Meditation*, let me entreate thee to forget an *Epigramme*.

Fare-well.

AD

AD LECTORES VTRIVSQ; GENERIS.

Candide, *ſi mala ſint noſtra inter carmina, parce;*
Et bona ſi quæ ſint, Zoile, *parco tibi.*

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EPIGRAMMES, MEDITATIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS.

1.

On the Muſique of Organs.

OBſerve this *Organ:* Marke but
how it goes:
'Tis not the hand of him alone,
that blowes
The unſeene *Bellowes*; nor the Hand that playes
Vpon th'apparent note-dividing *Kayes*,

That makes these wel-composed *Ayres* appeare
Before the high *Tribunall* of thine eare:
They both concurre: Ech acts his severall part:
Th'one gives it *Breath*; the other lends it *Art*.
Man is this Organ: To whose every action
Heav'n gives a *Breath* (a Breath without *coaction*)
Without which *Blast* we cannot act at all;
Without which Breath, the *Vniverse* must fall
To the first *Nothing* it was made of: seeing
In *Him* we *live*, we *move*, we have our *Being*:
Thus fill'd with his Diviner *Breath*, and back't
With his first *powre* we touch the *Keyes* and act:
He blowes the *Bellowes*: As we thrive in skill,
Our *Actions* prove like Musicke, *Good* or *Ill*.

2.

On the contingencie of Actions.

I Saw him dead; I saw his Body fall
Before Deaths *Dart*; whom tears must not recall:
Yet is he not so dead, but that his *Day*
Might have been lengthen'd, had th'untrodden way
To life beene found: He might have rose agin,
If *something* had, or *somthing* had not bin:
What mine sees past, Heav'ns eye foresaw to come;
He saw, how that *contingent* Act should summe
The totall of his Dayes: His knowing Eye
(As mine doth see him dead) saw he should die
That very fatall howre; yet saw his death,
Not so so necessary, but his Breath

Might

Might beene enlarg'd unto a longer date,
Had he neglected *This*, or taken *That*:
All times to Heav'n are *now*, both first and last;
He sees things *present*, as we see them *past*.

3

On the Sacraments.

THe *Loaves of Bread* were five; the *Fishes*, two,
Whereof the Multitude was made partaker.
Who made the *Fishes*? God: But tell me, who
Gave being to the *Loaues* of Bread? the *Baker*:
Ev'n so these Sacraments, which some call seaven,
Five were ordain'd by *Man*, and two, by *Heaven*.

4

On the Infancie of our Saviour.

HAyle blessed *Virgin*, full of heavenly *Grace*,
Blest above all that sprang from humane race;
Whose Heav'n-saluted *Womb* brought forth in *One*,
A blessed *Saviour*, and a blessed *Son*:
O! what a raviſhment t'had beene, to see
Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee!*
To see him nuzzle in thy *Virgin* Brest!
His milke white body all unclad, undrest;
To see thy busie Fingers cloathe and wrappe
His spradling Limbs in thy indulgent *Lappe!*
To see his desprate *Eyes*, with Childish grace,
Smiling upon his smiling Mothers face!

And, when his forward ſtrength began to bloome,
To ſee him *diddle* up and downe the Roome!
O, who would thinke, ſo ſweet a *Babe* as this,
Should ere be ſlaine by a falſe-hearted *kiſſe*!
Had I a *Ragge*, if ſure thy Body wore it,
Pardon ſweet *Babe*, I thinke I ſhould adore it,
Till then, O grant this Boone, (a boone far dearer)
The *Weed* not being, I may adore the *Wearer*.

5

On Iudas Iſcariot.

WE raile at *Iudas*, him that did betray
The *Lord* of life; yet doe it *day* by *day*.

6

On the life and death of Man.

THe World's a *Theater*; The Earth, a *Stage*
Plac'd in the midſt; wheron both *Prince* & *Page*,
Both *rich* and *poore*; *foole*, *wiſeman*; *baſe*, and *high*;
All act their *Parts* in Lifes ſhort *Tragedy*:
Our Life's a *Tragedy*: Thoſe ſecret *Roomes*
Wherein we tyre us, are our Mothers *Wombes*;
The *Muſicke* uſh'ring in the *Play*, is Mirth
To ſee a *Manchild* brought upon the Earth:
That fainting gaſpe of *Breath* which firſt we vent
Is a *Dumb-Shew*, preſents the *Argument*:
Our new-born *Cries* that new-born *Griefes* bewray,
Is the ſad *Prologue* of th'enſuing *Play*:

Falſe

Falſe *hopes*, true *feares*, vaine *ioyes*, and fierce *diſtracts*
Are like the *Muſicke* that divides the *Acts*:
Time holds the *Glaſſe*, and when the *Hower's* run,
Death ſtrikes the *Epilogue*; and the *Play* is done.

7

On the Seaven liberall Sciences of a Chriſtian.

Grammer.

IT is an *Art*, that teaches not t'excell
In Writing, Speaking, as in *Doing well.*

Logicke.

[illegible] *Art* ſometimes of *Plotting treaſon*
[illegible] the *Crowne* and *Dignity* of *Reaſon.*

Rhetoricke.

IT is an *Art*, whereby he learnes t'encreaſe
His knowledge of the time, to *Hold* his *peace.*

Arithmeticke.

IT is an *Art*, that makes him apt to raiſe
And number out Gods *Bleſſings*, and his *Dayes.*

Muſicke.

IT is a potent *Science*, that infringes (*hinges.*
Strong *Priſon* dores, and heaves them from their

Astronomie.

IT is an *Art* of taking out the *Lead*
From his dull *Browes*, and lifting up the *Head*.

Geometrie.

IT is an Art, instructs him how to have
The World in scorne; and measure out his Grave.

8

Christs foure houses.

HIs first house was the blessed Virgins *Wombe*;
The next, a *Cratch*; the third, a *Cross*; the fourth (a *Tombe*.

9

Of Light and Heate.

MArk but the Sun-beames, when they shine most (bright,
They lend this lower world both heat & light:
They both are Children of the selfe same Mother,
Twinnes; not subsisting one without the other;
They both conspire unto the *Common good*,
When, in their proper places, understood:
Is't not rebellion against *Sense* to say,
Light helps to quicken: Or, the *Beames* of day
May lend a *Heat*, and yet no *Light* at all?
'Tis true, some obvious *Shade* may chance to fall
Vpon the quickned *Plant*, yet not so great,
To quench the operation of the *Heate*:

The

The *Heate* cannot be parted from the *Light*,
Nor yet the *Light* from *Heate*; They neither might
Be mingled in the *Act*, nor found aſunder:
Diſtinguiſh now fond man; or ſtay and wonder:
Know then;
Their vertues differ though themſelves agree;
Heat vivifyes; *Light* gives man powre to ſee
The thing ſo vivifyed: No *Light*, no *Heate*;
And where the *heat's* but ſmall the *light's* not great:
They are inſeparable, and ſworne *Lovers*,
Yet differing thus; *That* quickens; *This* diſcovers:
Within theſe lines a ſacred Myſt'ry lurkes:
The *Heat* reſembles *Faith*: the *Light*, *Good workes*.

10

On Iudas Iſcariot.

SOme curſe that traytour *Iudas* life and lim;
God knows, ſome curſe thēſelves, in curſing him.

11

On the poſſeſſion of the Swine.

WHen as our bleſſed *Saviour* did un-devill
The Man poſſeſt, the Spirits in concluſion,
Entred the *Swine* (being active ſtill in evill)
And drove them headlong to their owne confuſion.
Drunkards, beware, and be adviſed then,
They'l find you as y'are *Swine*; if not, as *Men*.

12

12

On a Sun-Dyall.

THis Horizontall *Dyall* can bewray
To the ſad *Pilgrim*, th'hower of the *Day*:
But if the *Sun* appeare not his Adviſer,
His eye may looke, yet he prove ne're the wiſer:
Alas, alas; there's nothing can appeare,
But onely *Types*, and ſhadow'd *Figures* there:
This Dyall is the *Scripture*; and the Sun,
Gods holy *Spirit*; *Wee*, the Lookers on:
Alas, that ſacred *Letter*, which we read,
Without the *Quickning* of the *Spirit's* dead:
The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better,
Then if our Eye had not beheld a Letter:
I, but this glorious *Sun* ſhines alwayes bright:
I, but we often ſtand in our owne light:
Vſe then the day, for when the day is gon,
There will be *darkenes*: there will be no Sun.

13

On the three Chriſtian Graces.

Faith.

IT is a *Grace*, that teaches to deprave not
The *Goods* we have; To *have* the *goods* we have not.

Hope.

IT is a *Grace*, that keeps th'Almighty blameleſſe,
In long delay: And men (in begging) ſhameleſſe.

Chari-

Charitie.

IT is a *Grace*, or Art to get a Living
By ſelling Land; and to grow rich, by giving.

14

On a Feaſt.

THe *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth ha's made a *Feaſt*,
And ev'ry *Soule* is an invited Gueſt:
The *Word's* the Food; the *Levits* are the Cookes;
The Fathers Writings are their *Dyet-Bookes*;
But ſeldome us'd; for 'tis a faſhion growne,
To recommend made *Diſhes* of their owne: (*broyle*,
What they ſhould *boyle*, they *bake*; what *roſt*, they
Their luſhious *Sallats* are too ſweet with *Oyle*:
In briefe, 'tis now a dayes too great a fault,
Th'ave too much *Pepper*, and too little *Salt*.

15

On Dives.

THat drop-requeſting *Dives* did deſire
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*,
Whoſe flames he felt: Could he, a Fiend, wiſh well
To Man? What, is there Charity in Hell?
Each Soule that's damned is a *Brand* of fire,
To make Hell ſo much hotter; And the nigher
In blood or love they be, that are tormented,
The more their paines & torments are augmented:

No wonder then, if *Dives* did desire,
His Brothers might have warning of that Fire.

16

On outward shew.

IVdge not that *Feild*, because 'tis Stubble,
Nor Him that's poore, and full of trouble:
Though t'one looke bare; the tother thin;
Iudge not; Their *Treasure* is within.

17

On the reading of the Scriptures.

IN reading of the Sacred *Writt*, beware,
Thou climbe no *Stile*, when as a *Gapp* stands faire.

18

On the life of Man.

OVr Life's the *Modell* of a Winters Day;
Our Soule's the *Sun*, whose faint and feeble *Ray*
Gives our Earth light; a *light* but weak, at strongest,
But low, at highest; very short, at longest:
The childish Teares, that from our eyes doe passe,
Is like the *Dew* that pearls the morning grasse:
When as our *Sun* is but an hower high,
We goe to *Schoole*, to learne; are whip't, and cry:
We truant up and downe; we make a spoyle
Of precious *Time*, and sport in our owne Toyle:

Our

Our Bed's the quiet *Graue*; wherein we lay
Our weary Bodyes, tyred with the Day:
The early *Trumpet*, like the Morning Bell,
Calls to account; where they that have learnd well
Shall find *Reward*; And ſuch as have miſ-ſpent
Their Time, ſhall reape an earned *puniſhment*:
No wonder, then, to ſee the *Sluggards* eyes,
So loath to goe to Bed; ſo loth to riſe.

19

On the Crowing of a Cocke.

THe Crowing of a *Cocke* doth oft foreſhow
A change of Weather: *Peter* found it ſo:
The *Cocke* no ſooner crew, but by and by
He found a *Change* of *weather* in his Eye:
T's an eaſie thing to ſay, and to ſweare too,
Wee'l dye for *Chriſt*; but tis as hard to doe.

20

On Mammon.

MAmmon's growne rich: Does *Mammon* boaſt of (that?
The Stalled *Oxe*, as well may boaſt, Hee's fat.

21

On Church-contemners.

THoſe *Church-contemners*, that can eaſly waigh
The profit of a *Sermon* with a *Play*;

Whose testy stomacks can digest, as well,
A profer'd Iniury, as a *Sermon*-bell;
That say vnwonted *Pray'rs*, with the like wills,
As queazy Patients take their loathed *Pills*:
To what extremity would they be driven,
If God, in Iudgement, shold but give them Heauen.

22

On Morus.

HE is no *Flemming*; For he cannot *swill*:
No *Roman*; for his stomacke's *fleshly* still:
He cannot be a Iew; he was *baptiz'd*:
Nor yet a Gentile; he was *circumciz'd*:
He is no *True man*; for he *lyes* a trot:
Prophane he is not; for he *sweares* ye not:
What is he then? One Feast without a *Bill*
Shall make him all; or which of all yee will.

23

On the Hypocrite.

NO mans condition is so base as his;
None more accurs'd than *he*: For *Man* esteems
Him hatefull, cause he seemes not what hee is:
God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seemes;
What griefe is absent, or what mischiefe can
Be added to the hate of *God* and *Man*?

On

24.

On a Pilgrime.

THe weary *Pilgrime*, oft, doth aske, and know,
How farre hee's come; how far he has to goe:
His way is tedious, and his hart's oppprest,
And his desier is to be at *Rest*;
Our life's a *Wayfare*; yet fond Man delaies
T'enquier out the number of his *Daies*;
He cares not, Hee, how slow his howers spend;
His Iourney's better then his Iourneies end.

25

On the Needle of a Sun-diall.

BEhold this needle; when the *Arctick* stone
Hath toucht it, how it trembles vp and downe;
Hunts for the *Pole*; and cannot be possest,
Of peace, vntill it finde that poynt, that rest:
Such is the *heart* of Man; which, when it hath
Attayn'd the virtue of a lively faith,
It findes no rest on earth, makes no abode
In any Obiect, but his *heav'n*, his *God*.

26.

On Affliction.

WHen thou afflict'ſt me, Lord, if I repine,
I ſhow my ſelfe to be mine owne, not thine.

27

On a Sun-dyall.

GOe light a *Candle*: By that light, make tryall,
How the night ſpends it ſelfe, by the *Sun-dyall*:
Goe, ſearch the *Scripture*; Labour to encreaſe
In the diviner knowledge of thy *Peace*
By thy owne light, derived from thy mother:
Thou maiſt as eas'ly doe the one, as t'other.

28

On PETER.

WHen walking *Peter* was about to ſinck
Into the ſea, In what a caſe d'ye thinke,
H'ad bin; if he had truſted his complaint
To th'interceſſion of ſome helpfull *Saint*?
Beleeve it; if *Romes* doctrine had bin ſound,
And ſoundly ſollow'd, *Peter* had bin drown'd.

Fie,

29

On Merits.

FIe, Rome's abus'd: Can any be thought able
To merit heaven by *workes*? Tis a meere fable:
If ſo; ſtout *Rome* had never bin ſo faint
To move her ſuit by a Collaterall *Saint*.

30

On Servio.

'S*Ervio* ſerves God: *Servio* has bare relation
(Not to Gods *Glory*) but his owne *ſalvation*:
Servio ſerves God for life: *Servio*, tis well:
Servio may finde the cooler place in Hell.

31

A Soliloquie.

WHere ſhall I find my God! O where, O where
Shall I direct my ſteps, to finde him there?
Shall I make ſearch in ſwelling Baggs of *Coyne*?
Ah no; For *God* and *Mammon* cannot ioyne:
Doe Beds of *Down* containe this heavenly ſtranger?
No no; Hee's rather cradled in ſome *Manger*:
Dwells he in wiſedome? Is he gone that rode?
No no; Mans wiſedome's fooliſhnes with God:
Or hath ſome new *Plantation*, yet vnkowne, (*Crown*?
Made him their *King*, and adorn'd him with their

No.

No, no, the kingdomes of the earth thinke ſcorne
T'adorne his Browes with any Crown but Thorn.
Wher ſhall I trace; or wher ſhal I goe winde him?
My Lord is gone; and O! I cannot finde him:
Ile ranſack the dark *Dungeons*: Ile enquire
Into the *Furnace*, after the ſev'nth fire:
Ile ſeeke in *Daniels Den*, and in *Pauls* priſon;
Ile ſearch his *Grave*, and ſee if he be riſen:
Ile goe to th'houſe of *mourning*; and Ile call
At every Almes-abuſed *Hoſpitall*:
Ile goe and ask the *widow*, tha'ts oppreſt;
The heavy laden, that enquiers reſt:
Ile ſearch the Corners of all broken *hearts*;
The wounded *Conſcience*, and the *ſoule* that *ſmarts*;
The contrite *ſpirit* fill'd with filiall feare;
I, there he is; and no where elſe, but there:
Spare not to ſcourge thy pleaſure, O my God,
So I may finde thy *preſence*, with thy *Rod*.

32

On Daniel in the Den.

Fierce *Lyons* roaring for their prey? and then
Daniel throwne in? And *Daniel* yet remaine
Alive? There was a *Lyon*, in the *Denne*,
Was *Daniels* friend, or *Daniel* had bin ſlaine:
Among ten thouſand *Lyons*, Ide not feare,
Had I but only *Daniels Lyon* there.

23

On thoſe that deſerve it.

O When our Clergie, at the dreadfull *Day*,
Shal make their Audit; when the *Iudge* ſhal ſay
Give your acompts: What, have my Lambs bin fed?
Say, doe they all ſtand ſound? Is there none dead
By your defaults? come ſhephards, bring them forth
That I may crowne your labours in their worth:
O what an anſwer will be given by ſome,
We have bin ſilenc'd: Canons ſtrucke vs dumbe;
The Great ones would not let vs feed thy flock,
Vnles we plai'd the fooles, and wore a Frock:
We were forbid vnles wee'd yeeld to ſigne
And croſſe their browes, They ſay, *a mark of thine.*
To ſay the truth, great Iudg, they were not fed,
Lord, here they be; but, Lord, they be all dead:
Ah cruel Shepheards! Could your conſcience ſerve
Not to be fooles, and yet to let them ſterve?
What if your Fiery ſpirits had bin bound
To Antick Habits; or your heads bin crownd
With *Peacocks* Plumes; had yee bin forc'd to feed
Your Saviours dear-bought Flock in a fools weed;
He that was ſcorn'd, revil'd; endur'd the *Curſe*
Of a baſe death, in your behalfs; nay worſe,
Swallow'd the cup of wrath charg'd vp to th' *brim*,
Durſt yee not ſtoope to play the fooles for him?

34

Doe this and live.

Doe this and live? Tis true, Great God; then who
Can hope for life? for who hath power to *Doe?*
Art thou not able? Is thy Task too great?
Canst thou desier help? Canst thou intreat
Aid from a stronger Arm? Canst thou conceive
Thy *Helper* strong enough? Canst thou *beleeve,*
The suffrings of thy dying Lord can give
Thy drooping shoulders rest? *Doe this and live.*

35

On Ioseph and his Mistris.

When as th'Egyptian *Lady* did invite
Wel-favor'd *Ioseph* to unchast delight,
How well the motion and the place agreed!
A beastly *Place,* and twas a beastly *Deed:*
A place well season'd for so foule a sin;
Too sweet to serve so foule a Master in.

36

On Scriptum est.

Some words excell in virtue, and discover
A rare conclusion, thrice repeated over:
Our *Saviour* thrice was tempted: thrice repress
Th'assaulting *tempter* with thrice SCRIPTVM EST:
If thou would'st keepe thy soule secure from harm,
Thou know'st the words: It is a potent *Charme.*

How

37

On the flouriſhing of the Goſpell.

HOw doe our *Paſtures* flouriſh, and refreſh
Our uberous *Kine*, ſo faire, ſo full of fleſh!
How doe our thriving *Cattell* feed our young
With plenteous *Milk*; & with their *fleſh* the ſtrong!
Heav'n bleſt our *Charles*, and he did our late *Iames*,
From *Pharohs* troubles, and from *Pharohs Dreames*.

38

On Ioſeph's *Speech to his Brethren.*

GOe, fetch your *Brother* (ſaid th'Egyptian Lord)
If you intend our Garniers ſhall afford
Your craving wants their ſo deſir'd ſupplies;
If *He* come not, by *Pharoes* life, y'are *Spies*:
Ev'n as your Suits expect to find our Grace,
Bring *him*; or dare not to behold my face:
Some little food, to ſerve you on the way,
We here allow, but not to feed delay;
When you preſent your *Brother* to our Hand,
Ye ſhall have plenty, and poſſeſſe the Land;
Away; and let your quicke obedience give
The earneſt of your Faiths; Do this and live:
If not; your wilfull wants muſt want ſupply,
For ye are *Spies*, and ye ſhall ſurely dye:
Great God, th'Egyptian Lord reſembles *Thee*;
The Brother's *Jeſus*; and the Suitors *Wee*.

39

Of common Devotion.

OVr *God* and *Souldiers* we alike adore,
Ev'n at the Brink of danger; not before:
After deliverance, both alike requited;
Our *God's* forgotten, and our *Souldier's* ſlighted.

40

On the Day of Iudgement.

O When ſhal that *time* come, whē the loud *Trump*
Shall wake my ſleeping Aſhes from the Dump
Of their ſad *Vrne!* That bleſſed *Day*, wherein
My glorifi'd, my metamorphiz'd Skin
Shall circumplexe and terminate that freſh
And new refined ſubſtance of this fleſh!
When my tranſparent Fleſh, diſcharg'd frō groanes,
And paynes, ſhall hang upon new poliſht *Bones!*
When as my Body ſhall re-entertaine
Her cleanſed Soule, and never part againe!
When as my Soule ſhall, by a new Indenture,
Poſſeſſe her new-built *houſe*, come down and enter!
When as my Body and my Soule ſhall plight
Inviolable faith, and never fight
Nor wrangle more, nor altercate, agin,
About that ſtrife-begetting queſtion, *Sin!*
When Soule and Body ſhall receive their Doome
Of *O yee Bleſſed of my Father, Come!*
When *Death* ſhall be exil'd, and damn'd to dwell
Within her proper and true Center, *Hell!*

Where

Where that old *Tempter* ſhal be bound in Chaynes,
And over-whelm'd with everlaſting paynes;
Whilſt I ſhall ſit, and, in full Glory, ſing
Perpetuall *Anthems* to my *Iudge*, my *King*.

41

On Death.

WHy ſhould we not, as well, deſier *Death*,
As Sleep? No diffrence, but a little Breath:
'Tis all but *Reſt*; 'tis all but a Releaſing
Our tyred lims; Why then not alike pleaſing?
Being burthen'd with the ſorrowes of the *Day*,
We wiſh for night; which, being come, we lay
Our Bodies downe; yet when our very Breath
Is yrkſome to vs, w'are affraid of *Death*:
Our *Sleepe* is oft accompanied with Frights,
Diſtracting Dreames and dangers of the nights;
When in the Sheets of *Death*, our Bodie's ſure
From all ſuch Evils, and we ſleepe ſecure: (ther?
What matter, *Doune*, or *Earth*? what boots it whe-
Alas, Our Bodye's ſenſible of neither:
Things that are ſenſleſſe, feele nor paynes nor eaſe;
Tell me; and why not *Wormes* as well as *Fleas*?
In *Sleepe*, we know not whether our clos'd eyes
Shall ever wake; from *Death* w'are ſure to riſe:
I, but 'tis long firſt: O, is that our feares?
Dare we truſt God for *Nights*? and not for *Yeares*?

42

On the Body of Man.

MAns Body's like a *House:* His greater Bones,
Are the maine *Timber*; And the leſſer Ones,
Are ſmaller *Splints:* His Ribs are *Laths*, daubd ore,
Plaiſter'd with *fleſh* & *bloud*: his Mouths the *Doore:*
His Throat's the narrow *Entry:* And his Heart
Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious Art:
His *Midreife*, is a large partition *Wall*,
'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and the ſpacious *Hall:*
His Stomacke is the *Kitchin*, where the Meate
Is often but halfe ſod, for want of *Heate:*
His Spleen's a *Veſſell*, Nature does allott
To take the *skimme*, that riſes from the Pott:
His Lungs are like the *Bellowes* that reſpire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry Fire:
His Noſe, the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such Fumes, as with the *Bellowes* are augmented:
His Bowels are the *Sinke*, whoſe part's to dreine
All noyſome filth, and keepe the *Kitchin* cleane:
His Eyes like Chriſtall *Windowes* cleare and bright
Lets in the *Obiect*, and lets out the *ſight:*
And as the *Timber* is, or great or ſmall,
Or ſtrong or weake; 'tis apt to ſtand, or fall:
Yet is the likelyeſt *Building* ſometimes knowne,
To fall by obvious Chances; Overthrowne,
Oft-times by Tempeſts, by the full mouth'd *Blaſts*
Of Heav'n; Somtimes by Fire; Somtimes it waſts
Through unadvis'd *neglect:* Put caſe, the *Stuffe*
Were ruin-proofe; by nature, ſtrong enough,

To

To conquer *Time* and *Age*: Put caſe, it ſhould
Ne're know an end, Alas, Our *Leaſes* would:
What haſt thou then, proud *fleſh* and *bloud*, to boaſt?
Thy Dayes are ev'll, at beſt; but few, at moſt;
But ſad, at merryeſt; and but weake, at ſtrongeſt;
Vnſure, at ſureſt; and but ſhort, at longeſt.

43

On the Young man in the Goſpell.

HOw well our *Saviour* and the *landed Youth*
Agreed a little while? And, to ſay truth,
Had he had will and power in his hand,
To keepe the *Law*, but as He kept his *Land*;
No doubt, his ſoule had found the ſweet fruition
Of his owne choyce deſires without Petition:
But he muſt *Sell*, and *Follow*; or elſe, not
Obtaine his heav'n: O now his heav'ns too hot:
He cannot ſtay; He has no buſineſſe there:
Hee'l rather miſſe, then buy his heav'n too deare:
When Broth's too hot for haſty hounds, how they
Will licke their ſcalded lips, and ſneake away!

44

On Mans goodneſſe and Gods love.

GOd loves not Man, becauſe that Man is *good*;
For Man is ſinfull, becauſe Fleſh and Bloood:
We argue falſe: It rather may behove us,
To think us *good*, 'cauſe God thinks good to love us.
Hee that ſhall argue up from Man to God,
Takes but the paines to gather his owne *Rod*:

Who

Who from ſuch Premiſſes, ſhal drawe's *Concluſion*,
Makes but a *Syllogiſme* of his owne confuſion.

45

On Mans Plea.

MAns *Plea* to *Man*, is, That he never more
Will begge, and that he never begg'd before:
Mans *Plea* to God, is, That he did obtaine
A former Suit, and therefore ſues againe.
How good a God we ſerue; that when we ſue,
Makes his old gifts th'examples of his new!

46

On Furio.

FVrio will not forgive; *Furio* beware:
Furio will curſe himſelfe in the *Lords Prayer*.

47

On Martha *and* Mary.

MArtha, with ioy, receiv'd her bleſſed Lord;
Her Lord ſhe welcoms, feaſts, and entertains:
Mary ſate ſilent; heares, but ſpeakes no word;
Martha takes all, and *Mary* takes no paines:
Mary's to heare; to feaſt him *Martha's* care is;
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love, or *Mary's*?

Martha is full of trouble, to prepare;
Martha reſpects his good beyond her owne:

Mary

Mary ſits ſtill at eaſe, and takes no care;
Mary deſires to pleaſe her ſelfe, alone:
The pleaſure's *Maryes*; *Martha's* all the care is;
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love, or *Maryes?*

Tis true; Our bleſſed Lord was *Martha's* Gueſt;
Mary was his; and, in his feaſt, delighted:
Now which hath greater reaſon to love beſt,
The bountifull Invitor, or th'invited?
Sure, both lou'd well; But *Mary* was the better,
And therfore ſhould, in reaſon, love the better:

Marye's was ſpirituall; *Martha's* love was carnall;
T'one kiſt his hand; The other, but the Glove:
As far as mortall is beneath eternall,
So far is *Martha's* leſſe then *Marye's* love: (bers
How bleſt is he, Great God, whoſe hart remem-
Marye's to Thee; and *Martha's* to thy Members!

48

On our Bleſſed Saviour.

WE often read our bleſſed *Saviour wept*;
But never laught, and ſeldome that he *ſlept*:
Ah, ſure his heavy eyes did wake, and *weepe*
For vs that ſin, ſo oft, in *Mirth*, and *Sleepe*.

49

On Sinnes.

Sinnes, in reſpect of Man, all mortall be;
All veniall, *Ieſu*, in reſpect of Thee.

50

On Mans behaviour to God.

WE uſe our God, as Vs'rers doe their bands;
We often beare him in our *hearts*, our *hands*;
His *Paths* are beaten, and his *Wayes* are trod,
So long as hee's a profitable God:
But when the Money's paid, the Profit's taken,
Our *Bands* are cancel'd, and our *God's* forſaken.

51

On Mans Cruelty.

AND dar'ſt thou venture ſtill to live in Sin,
And crucifie thy dying Lord agin?
Were not his *Pangs* ſufficient? muſt he bleed
Yet more? O, muſt our ſinfull pleaſures feed
Vpon his Torments; and augment the Story
Of the ſad paſſion of the Lord of *Glory!*
Is there no pitty? Is there no remorſe
In humane breſts? Is there a firme divorſe
Betwixt all *mercy*, and the hearts of Men?
Parted for ever? ne're to meet agen?
No *mercy* bides with us: 'Tis thou, alone,
Haſt it, ſweet Ieſu, for us, that have none
For Thee: Thou haſt fore-ſtal'd our *Markets* ſo,
That all's *Above*, and we have none *Below*:
Nay, bleſſed Lord, we have not wherewithall
To ſerve our ſhiftleſſe ſelves, vnleſſe we call
To thee, that art our *Saviour*, and haſt power
To give, and whom we Crucifye, each hower:

W'are

W'are cruell (Lord) to thee, and our ſelves too;
IESV *forgive's; we know not what we doe.*

§ 2

Mans Progreſſe.

THe Earth is that forbidden *Tree* that growes
Ith' midſt of *Paradiſe*; Her *Fruit* that ſhowes
So ſweet, ſo faire, ſo pleaſing to the eyes,
Is worldly pleaſure in a faire diſguize:
The *Fleſh* ſuggeſts: *The Fruit is faire and good*
Apt to make wiſe, and a delicious Food;
It hath a ſecret vertue, wherewithall
To make you Gods; and not to dye at all.
Man taſts, and tempts the frailty of his Brother;
His Brother eats; One bit cals on another:
His guilty *Conſcience* opes his eyes; He ſees,
He ſees his empty nakedneſſe, and flees;
Hee ſtitches ſlender *Fig-leaves*, and does frame
Poore Arguments t'excuſe his Sin, his Shame:
But in the cooler *evening* of his Dayes,
The voyce calls *Adam: Adam's* in a Maze:
His *Conſcience* bids him run: The voyce purſues;
Poore *Adam* trembles, ere hee knowes the newes:
Adam muſt quit the Garden, leſt he ſtrive
To taſt the ſaving *Tree of life*, and live;
Poore Man muſt goe; But whether is he bound?
Ev'n to the place from whence he came, the *Ground*.

53

On the two great Flouds.

TWo *Flouds* I read of; *Water*, and of *Wine*;
The first was *Noahs*; *Lot*, the last was thine:
The first was the *Effect*; The last, the *Cause*
Of that foule Sin, against the sacred Lawes
Of God and Nature, *Incest*: *Noah* found
An *Arke* to save him, but poore *Lot* was drownd;
Good *Noah* found an *Arke*; but *Lott* found none:
W'are safer in Gods hands then in our owne:
The former flood of *waters* did extend
But some few dayes; this latter ha's no end;
They both destroy'd, I know not which the worst:
The *last* is ev'n as Gen'rall, as the *first*:
The first being ceas'd; the world began to fill;
The last depopulates, and wasts it still: (ther;
Both *Flouds* orewhelm'd both Man and beast toge-
The last is worst, if there be best of either:
The first are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Signe;
When shall we see a Raine-bow after Wine?

54

On Fuca.

FVca, thou quot'st the Scriptures on thy side,
And mak'st *Rebecca* patronize thy pride;
Thou say'st that she wore *Ear-rings*: Did she so?
Know this withall, She bore the *Pitcher* too:
Thou may'st, like her, weare *Ear-rings*, if thy pride
Can stoope to what, *Rebecca* did beside.

This

55

On Abrahams ſervant.

THis faithfull *Servant* will not feed, vntill
He doe his truſt-repoſing Maſters will:
There's many, now, that will not eat before
They ſpeed their *Maſters* work: *They'l drink the more.*

56

On Alexander.

NO marvell, thou great *Monarch*, did'ſt complaine
And weep, ther were no other worlds to gaine;
Thy griefes and thy complaints were not amiſſe;
H'as Griefe enough, that findes no world but this.

57

On raſh Iudgement.

IVdge not too faſt: This *Tree* that does appeare
So barren, may be fruitfull the next yeare:
Haſt thou not patience to expect the Hower?
I feare thy owne are *Crabs* they be ſo ſower:
Thy Iudgment oft may tread beſide the Text;
A *Saule* to day, may prove a *Paul*, the next.

58

On Iacobs purchaſe.

HOw poore was *Iacobs* motion, and how ſtrange
His Offer! How unequall was th'exchange!

A meſſe of *Porrage* for Inheritance?
Why could not hungry *Eſau* ſtrive t'enhaunce
His price a little? So much underfoot?
Well might he give him Bread and drink to boot:
An eaſie price! The caſe is even our owne;
For toyes we often ſell our *Heaven*, our *Crowne*.

59

On Eſau.

WHat haſt thou done? Nay what ſhal *Eſau* do?
Loſt both his *Birthright*, and his *Bleſſing* too!
What hath poore *Eſau* left, but empty teares,
And Plaints, that cannot reach the old mans eares?
What with thy Fathers *Diet*, and thine owne
Thy *Birthright's* aliend, an'd thy *Bleſſing's* gone:
How does one miſchiefe ouertake an other?
In both, how overtaken by a Brother?
Could thy imperious ſtomack but have ſtay'd,
And if thy Fathers had not bin delay'd,
Thou had'ſt not need have wept and pleaded ſo,
But kept thy *Birthright*, and thy *Bleſſing* too:
Had thy vnproſp'rous, thy vnlucky hand
Diſpatch'd thy *Ven'zon*, as it did thy Land,
Thy ſorrowes had not made ſo great a Heape,
That had not bin ſo deare; nor this, ſo cheape:
Had thine given place but to thy Fathers will,
Thad'ſt had thy *Birthright*; and thy *Bleſſing* ſtill.

The

60

On the abſence of a bleſſing.

THe bleſſing gon, what do's there now remaine?
Eſau's offended; *Iacob* muſt be ſlaine:
The heart of Man once emptyed of a Grace,
How ſoone the *Devill* joſtles in the place!

61

On the yonger Brother.

I know, the *Elder* and the *Yonger*, too,
Are both alike to God; Nor one, nor other
Can plead their yeares, But yet we often doe
Obſerve, the Bleſſing's on the *yonger Brother*:
The Scripture notes it, but does ſpare to ſhow
A reaſon; therefore, I deſpaire to know.

62

On Kain.

BEfore that *Monſter* ſpilt his Brothers blood,
w'are ſure the *fourth* part of the world was *good*:
O, what a dearth of goodnes did there grow,
When the *Fourth* part was murd'red at a blow!

63

On the righteous man.

PRomiſe is *dett*: And Dett implies a *payment*:
How can the righteous, then dout *food*, & *raymẽt*?

By

63

On Faith, Love, and Charity.

BY nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends
Still upward: *Love*, by native courſe, deſcends:
But *Charity*, whoſe nature doth confound
And mixe the former two, moves ever round:
Lord, let thy *Love* deſcend, and then the Fire
Of ſprightly *Faith* ſhall kindle, and aſpire:
O, then, my circling *Charity* ſhall move
In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

64

On Iacobs *Pillow.*

THe Bed, was *Earth*: The raiſed Pillow, *Stones*,
Whereon poore *Iacob* reſts his head, his Bones;
Heav'n was his *Canopy*; The Shades of night
Were his drawne *Curtaines*, to exclude the *Light*.
Poore State for *Iſacks* heyre! It ſeemes to me,
His Cattell found as ſoft a *Bed*, as Hee:
Yet God appeared there, his *Ioy*, his *Crowne*;
God is not alway ſeene in Beds of Doune:
O, if that God ſhall pleaſe to make my *Bed*,
I care not where I reſt my Bones, my Head;
With Thee, my wants can never prove extreame;
With *Iacobs Pillow*, give me *Iacobs Dreame*.

Faith

65

On Faith.

Faith do's acknowledge *Gifts*, altho we gave not;
It keeps vnſeene thoſe Sins, Confeſſion hid not;
It make us to enioy the Goods we have not;
It counts as done, thoſe pious deeds, we did not;
It workes; endowes; it freely 'accepts; it hides:
What Grace is abſent where true *Faith* abides?

66

On Zacheus.

ME thinks, I ſee, with what a buſie haſt,
Zacheus climb'd the Tree: But, O, how faſt
How full of ſpeed, canſt thou imagine (when
Our *Saviour* call'd) he powder'd downe agen!
He ne're made tryall if the boughes were ſound,
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground:
There was no danger fear'd: At ſuch a Call,
Hee'l venture nothing, that dare feare a fall:
Needs muſt he downe, by ſuch a *Spirit* driven;
Nor could he fall, vnleſſe he fell to *Heaven*:
Downe came *Zacheus*, raviſht from the Tree;
Bird that was ſhot, ne're dropt ſo quicke as he.

67

On the Thiefe and Slanderer.

THe *Theife*, and *Slanderer* are almoſt the ſame;
T'one ſteals my *goods*; the tother, my *good name*:
T'one lives in ſcorne; the other dies in ſhame.

68

On Abrams *pleading for Sodome.*

HOw loth was righteous *Abraham* to ceaſe,
To beat the price of luſtfull *Sodoms* peace!
Marke how his holy boldneſſe intercepts
Gods *Juſtice*; Brings his *Mercy* downe, by ſteps:
He dare not bid ſo few as *Ten*, at firſt;
Nor yet from *Fifty* righteous perſons, durſt
His Zeale on ſudden make too great a fall,
Although he wiſht ſalvation to them all.
Great God: Thy dying *Son* has pow'r to cleare
A world of Sinnes, that one ſhall not appeare
Before thine angry eyes: What wonder then,
To ſee thee fall, from *Fifty* downe to *Ten*!

69

On Mans goodnes.

THy hand, great God, created all things good;
But Man rebell'd, and in defiance ſtood
Againſt his owne *Creation*, and did ſtaine,
Nay loſt that goodneſſe which the Beaſts retaine;
What hap ha's Man, poore Man, above the reſt,
That hath leſſe *goodnes* left him, then a *Beaſt*!

70

On Zacheus.

SHort-legg'd *Zacheus*, 'Twas the happieſt *Tree*
That ever mortall climb'd; I meane, to *Thee*:

Thy

Thy paynes in going up, receiv'd the Crowne
Of all thy labour, at thy comming downe:
Thy Statures lowneſſe gave thee faire occaſion
To mount that *Tree*; that Tree, to find *Salvation*:
But was't the *Tree, Zacheus?* No, t'was *Hee*,
Whoſe bleeding Body dy'd upon the *Tree*.

71

On the Roman, Turke, and Atheiſt.

THe *Roman* worſhips God upon the *wall*;
The *Turke*, a falſe *God*; Th' *Atheiſt*, none at all.

72

On Babels Building.

GReat God, no ſooner borne, but we begin
Babels accurs'd Foundation, by our *Sin*:
Our *thoughts*, our *words*, our *deeds* are ever yeelding
The ſad *materials* of our ſinfull Building:
Should not thy *Grace* prevent it, it would even
Riſe, and riſe up, vntill it reach'd to heaven:
Lord, ere our *Building* ſhall begin to ſhow,
Confound our *Language*, and our *Building* too.

73

On the Theife and the Lyer.

THe *Lyer* and the *Theife* have one Vocation;
Their difference is but onely in their *Faſhion*:
They both deceive; but diverſly proceed;
The firſt deceives by *Word*; the laſt, by *Deed*.

74

On the Egyptians Famine.

MArke but the courſe the pin'de *Egyptians* run:
When all their *coyn*, when all their *corn* is done,
They come to *Ioſeph*, and their ſtomacks plead;
They chãge their *beaſts* for *corn*, their *flocks* for *bread*,
Yet ſtill they want: Obſerve what now they doe;
They give their *Lands*, and yeeld their *Bodyes* too:
Now they have *Corne* enough; and now, they ſhall
Have *ſeed* to ſowe their barren ſoile withall;
Prouided that the fift of their encreaſe
Be *Pharoe's*: Now their ſtomacks are at peace:
Thus when the *Famine* of the Word ſhall ſtrike
Our hungry *Soules*; our Soules muſt doe the like:
We firſt muſt part with, (as by their directions)
Our Flocks, our Beaſts, our Beſtiall *Affections*;
When they are gone, what then muſt Sinners doe?
Give up their *Lands*, their *Soules*, and *Bodies* too:
O, then our hearts ſhall be refreſht and fed,
Wee ſhall have *ſeed* to ſowe, and preſent *Bread*:
Allowing but the fift of our encreaſe,
Wee ſhall have plenty, and our Soules have peace:
How art thou pleas'd, *good God*, that *Man* ſhold live!
How ſlow art thou to take! how free to give!

75

On Zacheus.

WEll climb'd, *Zacheus*; 'Twas a ſtep well given;
Frõ hence toth' *Tree*; & frõ the *Tree* to *Heaven*!

76

On the Plough-man.

I Heare the whiſtling *Plough-man*, all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a chearefull ſong:
His Bed's a Pad of *Straw*; His dyet, courſe;
In both, he fares not better then his *Horſe*:
He ſeldome ſlakes his thirſt, but from the *Pumpe*,
And yet his heart is blithe; his viſage, plumpe;
His thoughts are nere acquainted with ſuch things,
As *Griefes* or *Feares*; He onely ſweats, and ſings:
When as the Landed *Lord*, that cannot dine
Without a Qualme, if not refreſht with *Wine*;
That cannot iudge that controverted caſe,
'Twixt meat & mouth, without the *Bribe* of Sauce;
That claimes the ſervice of the pureſt linnèn,
To pamper and to ſhroud his dainty skin in,
Groanes out his dayes, in lab'ring to appeaſe
The rage of either *Buiſnes*, or *Diſeaſe*:
Alas, his ſilken *Robes*, his coſtly *Diet*
Can lend a little pleaſure, but no *Quiet*:
The vntold ſummes of his deſcended wealth
Can give his Body plenty, but not *Health*:
The one, in Paynes, and want, poſſeſſes all;
T'other, in Plenty, finds no peace at all;
'Tis ſtrange! And yet the cauſe is eaſly knowne;
Tone's at *Gods* finding; t'other, at his *owne*.

77

On a happy Kingdome.

THat Kingdome, and none other, happy is,
Where *Moſes*, and his *Aron* meet, and kiſſe.

78

On Gods appearance to Moſes.

GOd firſt appeard to *Moſes*, in the *Myre*;
The next time he appeard, h'appeard in *Fire*;
The third time, he was knowne to *Moſes* eye
Vpon mount *Sinai*, cloath'd in *Maieſtie*.
Thrice God appeares to Man: firſt, wallowing in
His foule Pollution, and baſe *Myre* of Sin;
And like to *Pharoes* daughter do'es bemone
Our helples State, and drawes us, for his owne:
The next time, he appeares in *Fyre*, whoſe bright
And gentle flames conſume not, but give light;
It is the Fire of *Grace*; where man is bound
To d'off his *Shooes*, becauſe 'tis *holy ground*:
The laſt apparance ſhall be in that *Mount*,
Where every Soule ſhall render an Account
Of *good* or *evill*; where all things Tranſitory
Shall ceaſe; & *Grace* be crownd with perfect *Glory*.

Thy

79

On Gods Law.

Thy Sacred *Law*, O God,
Is like to MOSES *Rod:*
If wee but keepe it in our hand,
It will doe Wonders in the Land;
If wee ſlight and throw it to the Ground;
'Twill turne a *Serpent*, and inflict a Wound;
A *Wound* that Fleſh and Blood cannot endure,
Nor ſalve, untill the *Brazen Serpent* cure:
I wiſh not, *Lord*, thou ſholdſt *withhold it*;
Nor wold I *have it*, and not *hold it*:
O teach me then, my God,
To handle MOSES *Rod.*

80

On Pharoe's *Bricke.*

OVr God's not like to *Pharoh*; to require
His tale of *Bricke*, and give no *Straw* for Fire:
His Workmen wanted *Straw*, and yet were laſht,
For not performance: We have *Straw unthraſht*,
Yet we are idle, and we winch, and kicke
Againſt our Burthens, and returne no *Bricke:*
We ſpend our Straw, for *Litter* in the Stable,
And then we cry; Alas, *We are not able*;
Thinke not on Iſraels ſuffrings, in that day,
When thy offended Iuſtice ſhall repay
Our labours; Lord, when thou upheav'ſt thy *Rod*,
Thinke, *Pharoh* was a *Tyrant*; Thou, a *God.*

This

81

On the insatiableneſſe of Mans heart.

THis *Globe* of earth ha's not the pow'r to fill
The *Heart* of Man, but it deſiers ſtill:
By him that ſeekes, the Cauſe is eaſly found;
The Heart's *Triangular*; The Earth is *Round*;
He may be full; but, never to the brim
Be fill'd with *Earth*, till earth be fill'd with him.

82

On Pharoe's *hard-heartednes.*

PLagues after *Plagues?* And yet not *Pharoh* yeeld
T'enlarge poore *Iſrael?* Was thy *heart* ſo ſteel'd,
Rebellious Tyrant, that it dare withſtand
The oft repeated *Iudgements* of Heav'ns hand?
Could neither *Mercies oyle*, nor *Iudgements thunder*
Diſſolve, nor breake thy flinty heart in ſunder?
No, no, what *Sun-beames* ſoften not, they harden;
Purpos'd *Rebellions* are aſleepe to Pardon.

83

On the change of Pharoe's *fortunes.*

OBſerve what *peace* great *Pharo's* kingdom found
while *Ioſeph* liv'd; what *proſprous bleſſings* cround
His happy dayes! Heav'ns plague-inflicting hand
Was then a ſtranger to his *peaceſull Land:*
Peace was entayl'd upon his Royall *Throne*;
His Land had *Plenty*, when the World had none;

His

His full *deſiers* over-flowd their Brim,
Favours came downe unask't, unſought by Him:
His *Scepter* flouriſh'd, from a God unknowne,
No need to trouble any of his owne:
While *Ioſeph* liv'd, his *Bleſsings* had no end;
That God was his, whilſt he was *Ioſephs* Frend:
Theſe temp'rall Bleſsings heav'n doth, often, ſhare
Vnto the wicked, at the Good-mans Prayer:
But *Ioſeph* dyes: And *Ioſephs* Sons muſt fall
Beneath their Burthens, and be ſcourg'd withall;
Whilſt Tyrant *Pharoh's* more ſeverer hand
Keeps them laborious *Pris'ners* in his Land:
God oft permits his Children to be hurld
Into diſtreſſe, to weane them from the world:
But *Pharohs* Bleſſings alter with his *Brow*;
The budding Scepter's turn'd a *Serpent* now:
His Land muſt groan; her *plagues* muſt ſtil encreaſe,
Till *Iacobs* Off-ſpring ſhall find *Iacobs* peace;
Gods Children are the Apples *of his Eye,*
Whoſe touch is death, if being toucht, they cry:
Now Tyrant *Pharoh* dares no longer chuſe,
Iſrael muſt goe: *Pharoh* repents, purſues;
Pharoh wants *Brick*; *Pharoh*, ere long, I feare,
Will find the purchaſe of his *Brick* too deare:
Moſes holds forth his *Rod:* The *Seas* divide;
The *Waves* are turn'd to *Walls* on either ſide:
They paſſe ſecure; *Pharoh* purſues them ſtill;
God leaves his Children to the brunt of Ill:
The Chariot-*Wheeles* flye off, the *Harneſſe* cracks;
One wants a *Nayle*; the next, a *Hammer* lacks:
How Man is croſs'd and puzzel'd in that Plott,
Where Heav'n denyes ſucceſſe, and proſpers not!

Moſes holds forth his *Rod:* The *Eaſterne* wind
Calls backe the *Tydes:* The parted *Waters* ioynd,
And overwhelmd great *Pharo'* and *Pharoes Hoſt*;
Mohe ſcapd to tell the newes: All drownd, and loſt:
Thus thrives Rebellion: *Plagues* not doing good,
Oft-times conclude their *Ceremony'* in Blood:
Thus hardned hearts grow more and more obdure;
And Heav'n cuts off, when Earth is moſt ſecure.

84

On the Firſt borne.

THe *Firſt-borne* of th' Egyptians all were ſlaine,
From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swayne*:
But all that are *Firſt-borne* in *Iſrael*, be
Accepted, Lord, and ſanctifide to Thee:
Thy lookes are alwayes turn'd upon the Prime
Of all our *Actions, Words*, our *thoughts*, our *time*;
Thy pleaſed Eye is fixt upon the *Firſt*;
And from the *Womb* w'are thine, or elſe accurſt.

85

On baptized Infants.

I Dare not iudge thoſe Iudgements, ill advis'd,
That hold ſuch *Infants* ſav'd, as dye, baptiz'd:
What hinders Life? *Originall* hath bin
New waſht away; There's yet, no *Actuall Sin*:
Death is th' Effect of *Sin*: The Cauſe being gon,
What ground is left for Death to worke vpon?
I know not: But of Iſraels ſons, 'tis found,
Moſes was ſav'd; I read that none was drownd.

No-

86

On the grumbling Iſraelites.

NO ſooner out, but grumble? Is the *Brick*
So ſoone forgotten? 'Tis a common trick:
Serve God in Plenty? Egypt can doe thus;
No thankes to ſerve our God, when God ſerves us:
Some ſullen Curres, *when they perceive a* Bone,
Will wagg their Tayles and faune; But ſnarle, if none.

87

On Mans rebellion.

O, How perverſe is *Fleſh* and *Blood!* in whom
Rebellion bloſſomes from the very Wombe!
What Heav'n commands, how lame we are to do!
And things forbid how ſoone perſwaded to!
We never read rebellious *Iſrael* did
Bow to ſtrange Gods, till *Iſrael* was forbid.

88

On Iſrael.

HAd *Iſrael*, in her want but truely humbled,
Iſr'el had *prayd*, & *grond* to heav'n; not *grumbled*:
But *Iſr'el* wanted food: *Iſr'els* complaint
Could not be fervent, *Iſr'el* being faint:
Iſr'el gets food: Now *Iſr'el* is ſo full,
That her Devotion, and her Zeale is dull:
Lord when art thou in ſeaſon? When's the time,
To doe thee ſervice? When's our *Zeale* in prime?

'Tis alwayes either not full ripe or wasting:
We can not serve our God nor *Full* nor *Fasting*.

89

On the Sinners Refuge.

HE that shall shed, with a presumptuous hand,
The blood of *Man*; must, by thy iust command
Be put to death: The *Murtherer* must dye;
Thy Law denyes him refuge where to flye:
Great God our hands have slain a *Man*; nay further,
They have committed a presumptuous murther,
Vpon a guiltles *Man*; Nay, what is worse,
They have betraid our *Brother* to the Curse
Of a reproachfull *death*; Nay, what exceeds,
It is our *Lord*, our dying *Saviour* bleeds:
Nay more; It is thy *Son*; thy *only Son*;
All this have we, all this our hands have done:
On what deare *Obiects* shall we turne our eye?
Looke to the *Law*? O, by the Law, we dye:
Is there no *Refuge*, Lord? No place that shall
Secure our Soules from *Death*? Ah, none at all:
What shall poore *Mortals* do? Thy Lawes are just,
And most irrevocable: Shall we trust
Or flye to our owne *Merits*, and be freed
By our good *Workes*? I; there were helpe indeed!
Is there no *City* for a Soule to flye,
And save it selfe? Must we resolve to dye?
O Infinite! O (not to be expreſt?)
Nay, not to be conceived by the breſt
Of *Men* or *Angels*! O transcendent *Love*!
Incomprehensible! as farre above

The

The reach of *Man*, as mans deſerts are under
The ſacred Benefit of ſo bleſt a *Wonder!*
That very *Blood* our ſinfull hands have ſhed,
Cryes loud for *Mercy*, and thoſe *Wounds* do plead
For thoſe that made them: he that pleads, forgives;
And is both *God* and *Man*; both dead, and lives:
He, whom we murther'd, is become our *Guarden*;
Hee's Man, to ſuffer; and hee's God to *pardon*:
Here's our *Protection*; Here, our *Refuge* City,
Whoſe living ſprings run *Piety* and *Pitty*:
Goe then, my *Soule*, and paſſe the common Bounds
Of *Paſſion*: Goe, and kneele before his *Wounds*;
Go touch them with thy lips: thou needſt not feare;
They will not bleed afreſh, though Thou be there:
But if they doe, that very *Blood*, thou ſpilt,
Beleev't, will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

90

On the depoſing of Princes.

I Know not by what vertue *Rome* depoſes
A Chriſtian *Prince*: Did *Aaron* command *Moſes*?
If ſacred Scriptures mention ſuch a thing,
Sure *Rome* has colour to depoſe a *King*.

91

On PETERS *Keyes.*

THe pow'r of *Peter* does all pow'r excell;
He opens Heav'n; He ſhuts the *Doores* of Hell:
The *Keyes* are his: In what a caſe were they,
Should *Peters* Succeſſors miſtake the *Key*?

Are

92

On Offrings.

ARe all ſuch *Offrings*, as are cruſht, and bruis'd,
Forbid thy *Altar?* May they not be us'd?
And muſt all *broken things* be ſet apart?
No, Lord: Thou wilt accept a *Broken Heart.*

93

On Vſurers.

OF all men, *Vs'rers* are not leaſt accurſt;
They robb the *Spittle*, pinch th'Afflicted worſt:
In others greife they'r moſt delighted in;
Whilſt *Givers* ſuffer for the *Takers* ſin:
O how uniuſt a *Trade* of life is that,
Which makes the *Lab'rers*, leane; and th' *idle*, fatt!

94

On Repentance.

CAnſt thou recover thy conſumed *Fleſh*,
From the well-feaſted *Wormes?* Or put on freſh?
Canſt thou redeeme thy *Aſhes* from the dead?
Or quit thy Carkas from her *ſheet* of *Lead*?
Canſt thou awaken thy earth-cloſed *eyes?*
Vnlock thy Marble *Monument*, and riſe?
All this thou mayſt performe, with as great eaſe,
As to *Repent* thee mortall, when thou pleaſe:
It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed* that thou art in:
Th'art not *aſleepe*, but thou art *dead* in Sin.

Nature

95

On Wine and Water.

Nature, and *Grace*, who ever taſted both,
Differ as much, as *Wine*, and *Water* doth:
This cleanſes, (if not groſly ſtayn'd with *Sin*)
The outward *Man*: but ſcowers not, within:
That cheares the heart, & makes the Courage bold,
Quickens and warmes dead *ſpirits* that are cold:
It fires the *Blood*, and makes the Soule *divine*:
O that my *Water*, Lord, were turnd to *Wine*!

96

On Balams Aſſe.

THe *Aſſe*, that for her ſlowneſſe, was forbid
To be imployed in Gods ſervice, did
Performe good ſervice now, in being ſlow:
The *Aſſe* received ſtripes, but would not goe:
She baulkd the way, and *Balam* could not guid her:
The *Aſſe* had farre more wiſedome then the *Rider*:
The *Meſſage* being bad, the *Aſſe* was loth
To be the *Bearer*: 'Twas a happy ſloth;
'Twas well for *Balam*: Had his *Aſſe* but tryde
Another ſtep, *Balam* had ſurely dy'd:
Poore *Aſſe*! And was thy faithfull ſervice payd
With oft-repeated ſtrokes? Hadſt thou obayd,
Thy Lord had bought thy travell, with his blood:
Such is Mans payment, often bad for Good:
The *Aſſe* begins to queſtion with his *Maſter*,
Argues the caſe, pleads why he went no faſter:

Nay,

Nay, ſhewes him *Myſt'ries*, far beyond his reach;
Sure, God wants Prophets, when dull Aſſes *preach:*
The *Aſſe* perceives the *Angel*, and fals downe;
When *Balam* ſees him not; or ſees, unknowne:
Nor is't a wonder: for Gods *Spirit* did paſſe
From blindfold *Balam*, into *Balams Aſſe*.

97

On ſome raw Divines.

SOme raw *Divines*, no ſooner are Eſpous'd
To their firſt *Wives*, and in the *Temple* hous'd,
But ſtraight the *Peace* is broke: They now begin
T'appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battailes* in:
School-men muſt war with *School-men*; *text* with *text*:
The firſt's the *Chaldee's Paraphraſe*; the next
The *Septuagints*: *Opinion* thwarts *Opinion*;
The *Papiſt* holds the firſt; The laſt, th' *Arminian*:
And then the *Councels* muſt be call'd t'advice,
What this, of *Lateran* ſayes; what that, of *Nice*:
And here the poynt muſt be anew diſputed;
Arrius is falſe; and *Bellarmine's* confuted:
Thus with the ſharpe *Artill'ry* of their Witt,
They ſhoot at *Random*, careleſſe where they hit:
The ſlightly ſtudied *Fathers* muſt be prayd,
Although on ſmall acquaintance, in to ayd,
Whoſe glorious *Varniſh* muſt impoſe a gloſſe
Vpon their *Paint*, whoſe gold muſt gild their *droſſe*:
Now *Martine Luther* muſt be purg'd by them,
From all his *Errors*, like a School-boyes *Theame*;
Free-wil's diſputed, *Conſubſtantiation*;
And the deepe Ocean of *Predeſtination*,

Where

Where, daring venter, oft, too far into't,
They, *Pharo*-like, are drownd both *Horſe* and *Foot*:
Forgetting that the Sacred *Law* enioynes
New-married men to ſit beneath their *Vines*,
And cheare their *Wives*: They muſt not venter out
To *Warre*, vntill the Yeare be run about.

98

On Buying of the Bible.

TIs but a folly to reioyce, or boaſt,
How ſmal a *price*, thy wel-bought *Pen'worth* coſt:
Vntill thy death, thou ſhalt not fully know,
Whether thy *Purchaſe* be good cheape, or no;
And at that day, beleev't, it will appeare,
If not extreamely *cheape*, extreamly *deare*.

99

On the buying of the new Teſtament.

READER, If thou wilt prove no more
Then what I terme thee, ev'n before
Thou aske the *price*, turne back thine eye;
If otherwiſe, vnclaſpe, and buy:
Know then, the *Price* of what thou buy'ſt,
Is the deare Blood of *Ieſus Chriſt*;
Which *Price* is over-deare to none,
That dares protect it with his *owne*:
If thou ſtand guilty of the *price*,
Ev'n ſave thy purſ-ſtrings, and be wiſe:
Thy mony will but, in concluſion,
Make purchaſe of thy owne *Confuſion*:

But if that guilt be done away,
Thou mayſt as ſafely buy, as pay.

ICO

To my BOOKE.

MY *Little* Pinnace, *ſtrike thy* Sayles,
Let ſlippe thy Anchor; *The* Winde *fayles*
And Sea-men oft, in Calmes *doe feare*
That foule, and boyſtrous weather's neare:
If a robuſtious Storme *ſhould riſe,*
And bluſter from Cenſorious Eyes,
Although the ſwelling Waves *be rough,*
And proud, thy Harbour's *ſafe enough:*
Reſt, Reſt a while, till ebbing Tides
Shall make thee ſtanch, *and* breme *thy ſides;*
When Winds *ſhall ſerve, hoyſt up thy Sayle,*
And ſtye before a proſp'rous Gale;
That all the Coaſters *may reſort,*
And bid thee welcome to thy PORT.

The end of the Firſt *Booke*.

DIVINE FANCIES:

The ſecond Booke.

I

To Almighty God.

LORD, Thou requir'ſt the firſt
of all our *Time*,
The firſt of all our *Actions*, and
the prime
Of all our *Thoughts*; And, *Lord*, good reaſon, we,
When Thou giv'ſt all, ſhould give the *firſt* to Thee:
But O, we often rob thee of thy due,
Like *Elies* Children, whom thy vengeance ſlue:

Wee pinch thy *Offring* to enlarge our *Fee*;
We keepe the *Fat*, and carve the *Leane* to Thee:
We thruſt our three-tooth'd *Fleſh-hook* in thy *Pot*,
That only, what the *Fleſh-hook* taketh not,
We ſhare to thee: Lord, we are ſtill deceiving;
We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *leaving*:
Our Sluttiſh *Bowles* are cream'd with ſoile & filth,
Our Wheat is full of *Chaffe*; of *Tares*, our Tilth:
Lord, what in *Fleſh* and *Blood* can there be had,
That's worth the having, when the beſt is bad:
Here's nothing *good*, vnleſſe thou pleaſe to make it;
O, then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

2

On Gods Dyet.

DEare Lord; when we approch thy ſacred *Fire*,
To burne our *Sacrifice*, thou do'ſt require
The *Heads* of ev'ry Beaſt that dyes; the *Hearts*;
Th'encloſed *Fatt*; and all the *Inward parts*:
Our *Senſes* and our *Memories* muſt be,
All ſet apart and ſanctifi'd to Thee;
The ſtrength of our *Deſires*, the beſt perfections
Of our imperfect *Wills*, the choyce Affections
Of our refined *hearts* muſt all conioyne
To ſeeke thy *Glory*: They muſt all be thine:
I know thy *Dyet*, Lord; Of all the reſt,
Thou do'ſt affect the *Head and Purtnance*, beſt.

We

3

On Moſes *Birth and Death.*

WE read; no ſooner new-borne *Moſes* crept
Into this vale of *Teares*, but th'Infant wept;
But, being warned of his *Death*, his *Laſt*,
We find it ſtoried, that he ſung as faſt:
Theſe ſev'rall Paſſions found their reaſon, why;
He dy'd to *live*, but he was borne to *dye*:
To whom this *Tranſitory* life ſhall bring
Iuſt cauſe to *weepe*; there, death gives cauſe to *ſing*.

4

On Ieptha's *Vow.*

VIctorious *Ieptha*, could thy *Zeale* allow
No other way, then by a raſh-made *Vow*,
T'expreſſe thy *Thanks*? A *Vow*, whoſe undertaking
Was ev'n a Sin more odious, then the making:
'Twas cruell *Piety* that taught thee how
To paddle in thy *Daughters* Blood: But thou,
Unlucky *Virgin!* was there none to be
Betwixt thy Fathers mortall *Brow*, and *Thee*?
Why cam'ſt thou forth, ſweet *Virgin?* To what end
Mad'ſt thou ſuch needleſſe haſt? Thou cam'ſt, to lend
Thy filiall *Triumph* to thy Fathers *Wreath*; (lend
Thou thought'ſt to meet a *Bleſſing*, and not *Death*:
Raſh *Ieptha*! may not thy repentance quit
That *Vow*, when Raſhneſſe was the Cauſe of it?
O can'ſt thou not diſpence with that, wherein
Thy ſtrict Religion's a preſumptuous *Sin*?

Is she unhappy, or thou cruell rather?
Vnhappy *Child*, and too too cruell *Father*.

5

On Iesus *and* Sampson.

AN *Angel* did to *Manoahs* wife appeare, (beare:
And brought the news her barren *womb* should
Did not another *Angel*, if not He,
Thrice blessed *Virgin*, bring the same to thee?
The Wife of *Manoah* (nine moneths being run)
Her Heav'n-saluted *womb* brought forth a *Son*:
To thee, sweet *Virgin*, full of Grace and Heaven,
A *Child* was borne, to us a *Son* was giuen:
The name of hers was *Sampson*, borne to fight
For captiv'd *Israel*, and a *Nazarite*:
Thine was a *Naz'rite* too, and borne to ease us
From Sathans burthens, and his name is *Iesus*:
Sampson espous'd, and tooke in Marriage her
That was the child of an *Idolater*;
Our *Iesus* tooke a wife, that bow'd the knee
And worshipt unknowne *gods*, as well as she:
Assaulted *Sampson* met, and had to doe
With a fierce *Lyon*; foyld, and slue him too:
Our conquering *Iesus* purchas'd higher fame;
His arme encountred *Death*, and overcame:
Victorious *Sampson* stept aside, and drew
Pure *Honey* from the Carcasse that he slue;
When our triumphing *Iesus* sought, and found
A greater *sweetnes* in his *Lyons* wound.
Vxorious *Sampson* pleases to divide
His purchas'd Honey, to his faireſt *Bride*:

But

But what! Is *Sampſon* ſingular in this?
Did not our *Ieſus* doe the like to *his?*
Sampſon propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide
The folded Myſt'ry in his faithles Bride:
Our bleſſed *Ieſus* propounds *Riddles* too,
Too hard for Man, his Bride unſought, t undoe:
The *Bride* forſakes her *Sampſon*; do's betroth her
To a new *Love*, and falſly weds another:
And did not the adult'rous *Iewes* forgoe
Their firſt Love *Ieſus*, and forſake him too?
Diſpleaſed *Sampſon* had the choyce to wed
The *younger Siſter* in the Elders ſtead:
Diſpleaſed *Ieſus* had eſpous'd the *Younger*;
God ſend her fairer; and affections ſtronger:
Sampſon ſent *Foxes* on his fiery errant,
Among their *corn*, & made their *crimes* his *warrant*:
Offended *Ieſus* ſhewes as able ſignes
Of wrath: His *Foxes* have deſtroyd their *Vines*:
Our *Sampſons* love to *Delilah* was ſuch,
That for her ſake poore *Sampſon* ſuffer'd much:
Our *Ieſus* had his *Delilah*: For her
His Soule became ſo great a ſufferer.
Sampſon was ſubject to their *ſcorne* and *ſhame*:
And was not *Ieſus* even the very ſame?
Sampſon's betrayd to the *Philiſtians* hands,
Was bound a while, but quickly brake his bands:
Ieſus, the firſt, and ſecond day, could be
The *Graves* cloſe priſ'ner; but, the third, was free:
In this they differ'd; *Ieſus* dying Breath
Cry'd out for *Life*; but *Sampſons* cald for *Death*:
Father forgive them, did our *Ieſus* crye;
But *Sampſon, Let me be reveng'd and dye:*

Since

Since then, *sweet Saviour*, tis thy *Death* must ease us,
We flye from *Sampson*, and appeale to *Iesus*.

6

On Elyes *double censure.*

WHen barren *Hanna*, prostrate on the Floore,
In heat of *Zeale* and passion, did implore
Redresse from Heav'n, censorious *Ely* thought
She had beene drunk, and checkt her for her fault;
Rough was his *Censure*, and his *Check*, austere;
Where mildnesse should be us'd, w'are oft severe.
But when his lustfull Sonnes, that could abuse
The *House* of God, making her Porch their *Stues*,
Appear'd before him, his indulgent tongue
Compounded rather then rebuk'd the wrong;
He dare not shoot, for feare he wound his *Childe*;
Where we should be severe, w'are oft too milde:
Vnequall *Ely!* was thy *Sentence* iust,
To censure *Zeale*, and not to punish *Lust?*
Could thy parentall mildnesse but have past
The former by as eas'ly, as the last,
Or had the last, by iust proportion, bin
Rated but like the first supposed sin,
Perchance thy aged head had found encrease
Of some few dayes, and gone to sleepe, in peace:
Passions misplac'd are dangerous: Let all
Remember *Elies Faults*, with *Elies Fall.*

Hast

7

On the refining of Gold.

HAst thou obſerved how the curious hand
Of the *Refiner* ſeeks to underſtand
The inadultr'ate pureneſſe of his *Gold*?
He waighs it firſt, and after does infold
In *Lead*; and then, commits to the *Fire*;
And, as the *Lead* conſumes, the *Gold* drawes nigher
To his perfection, without waſt or loſſe
Of his pure ſubſtance, but his waight, his droſſe:
The Great *Refiner* of Mans baſer *Heart*
Vſes the like, nay ſhowes the ſelfe-ſame *Art*;
He weighs it, firſt, and finding it too full
Of *Traſh* and *Earth*, he wraps it in ſome dull
And leaden croſſe, of *Puniſhment*, or *Sin*;
Then, tryes it in Afflictions *Fire*; wherein,
The *Lead* and *Droſſe* evaporate together,
And leaves the *Heart* refin'd, and quit of either:
Thus though Mans *Heart* be leſſen'd by the *Croſſe*,
And lighter; 'Tis but lighter by the *Droſſe*.

8

On Dagon and the Arke.

WHat newes with *Dagon*? Is thy Shrine ſo hot,
Thou canſt not keepe it? Or has *Dagon* got
The falling ſickneſs, that his *Godſhip's* found
On ſuch a poſture, proſtrate on the Ground?
Poore helpleſſe *God!* But ſtay! Is *Dagon* growne
So weake ith' hamms: Nor ſtand, nor riſe, alone?

A *God*, and can not riſe? Tis very odde!
He muſt have help, or lye: *A proper God!*
Well, *Dagon* muſt requier help of hands;
Vp *Dagon* goes the ſecond time, and ſtands
As confident as though his place had bin
His owne, in *Fee:* Downe *Dagon* falls agin:
But *Dagon's* ſhrewdly martyr'd with the iumpe,
Loſt *hands* and *Head*, and nothing left but *ſtumpe:*
Sure, all's not well with *Dagon*, now a late;
Hee's either ſicke, or much forgot the State,
Belonging to ſo great a *God:* Has none
Offer'd ſome ſtinking *Sacrifice*, or blowne
Some nanſeeous fume into his Sacred *Noſe*,
And made his *God-ſhip* dizzy? Or who knowes,
Perchance h'as taken Pett, and will reſigne
His ſullen place, and quitt his empty *Shrine:*
No wonder, a *falſe God* ſhould ſtoope, and lye
Vpon the floore, when as a *true God's* by:
It was unlikely, *Dagon* ſhould forbeare
Reſpite of *Homage*, when the *Arke* was there:
If I would worſhip a falſe *God* at all,
It ſhould be one that would not ſcorne to fall
Before his *Betters:* whoſe indiff'rent arme,
If it could doe no good, could doe no harme;
I'd rather chooſe to bend my idle knee,
Of all falſe *Gods*, to ſuch a *God* as Hee,
Whoſe ſpirit's not too *quick: The fabulous Frogge*
Found greater danger in the Stork, then Logge:
And to conclude, I'd chooſe him, Dagon-like,
Not having *Head*, to plot; nor *Hand*, to ſtrike.

Sure

9

On Saule *and* David.

SVre, *Saul* as little looked to be a *King*,
As I: and *David* dreamd of ſuch a thing,
As much as he; when both alike did keepe,
The one his Fathers *Aſſes*; t'other, *Sheepe*:
Saul must forſake his *Whip*: And *David* flings
His *Crooke* aſide; And they muſt both be *Kings*:
Saul had no *Sword*; and *David*, then, no *Speare*;
There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqu'ror* there;
There was no *Sweat*; There was no *Blood*, to ſhed;
The unſought Crowne beſought the *wearers* head;
There was no *Stratagem*; No Oppoſition;
No taking parts; No iealous *Competition*:
There needs no *Art*; There needs no *Sword* to bring,
And place the *Crown*, where *God* appoints the *King*.

10

On David *and* Goliah.

SAthan's the great *Goliah*, that ſo boaſts
And threats our *Iſrael*, and defyes her *Hoſts*:
Thoſe ſmoother *Stones* couragious *David* tooke
From the ſoft boſome of the ſilver Brooke,
Are *Scriptum eſts*: The *Sling*, that gives them flight,
Is *Faith*; That makes them flye, and flye aright:
Lord, lend me *Davids Sling*, and then I know,
I ſhall have *Davids ſtrength* and *courage* too;
Give me but skill to pick ſuch *Stones*, as theſe,
And I will meet *Goliah*, when he pleaſe.

11

On Sauls *Witch.*

WHen *Saul* receiv'd no *answer* down frō *heav'n*
How quickly was his jealous *paßion* driven
A deſpr'ate Courſe! He needs muſt cure the *Itch*
Of his extreame deſiers, by a *Witch:*
When we have loſt our way to God, *how levell,*
How eaſie to be found's the way toth' Divell.

12

On the neceßity of Gods preſence.

WHen thou wert preſent with thy *ſtrengthning* (*Grace,*
Saul propheſied, and fought:
But when, *Great God,* thou didſt with-draw thy *face,*
Murther was in his thought:
Thus, as thou giv'ſt, or tak'ſt away thy *hand,*
We either *fall,* or *ſtand.*

13

Davids *Epitaph on* Ionathan.

HEre lyes the *faireſt* Flowre, *that ſtood*
In Iſr'els Garden; *now, in* Blood;
Which, Death to make her Girland *gay,*
Hath cropt, againſt her Triumph Day:
Here, here lies Hee, whoſe Actions pen'd
The perfect Copie *of a Frend,*

Whoſe

Whose milk-white Vellam *did incurre*
No least suspition of a Blurre:
*Here lyes th'*example *of a Brother,*
Not to bee follow'd by another;
The faire indeuted Counter-part
Of Davids Ioy, *of* Davids Heart:
Rest then; For ever, rest alone;
Thy Ashes *can be touch'd by none,*
Till Death *hath pickt out such another:*
Here lyes a Flow'r, *a* Friend, *a Brother.*

14

On Gods Word.

GOds sacred *Word* is like the *Lampe* of Day,
Which softens *wax*, but makes obdure the *clay*;
It either melts the *Heart*, or more obdures;
It never falls in vaine; It *wounds*, or *cures:*
Lord, make my brest thy *Hive*, and then I know,
Thy *Bees* will bring in *Waxe* and *Honey* too.

15

On Man.

BY Nature, Lord, men worse then *Nothing* be;
And lesse then *Nothing*, if compar'd with *Thee*;
If lesse and worse then *Nothing*, tell me than,
Where is that *Somthing*, thou so boasts, proud *Man?*

16

On Ahaz *Diall.*

MAns *Heart's* like *Ahaz Dyall*; If it flees
Not forward; it goes backward ten *Degrees*.

17

On Luſt.

LVſt is an *Ignis fatuus*, that ariſes (prizes,
From the baſe *Earth*, that playes her wanton
In ſolitary *Hearts*, and ever haunts
Darke places, whoſe deceitfull flame inchaunts
The wandring ſteps of the diverted *ſtranger*,
Still tempting his miſ-guided feet to danger:
She neuer leaves, till by her faire deluſion,
Shee brings him headlong to his owne *confuſion*.

18

On Thamar *and* Ammon.

SHe muſt be lov'd; Then courted; and what more?
Enioy'd; then hated; then expeld the dore:
Ammon muſt be diſcov'red; muſt obtaine
Licenſe to Feaſt; and then, be drunke; then ſlaine:
O what Repoſe is had in ſinfull *Breath*,
Whoſe love, in *hate*; whoſe mirth cõcludes in *death*!

Their

19

On Love and Lust.

THey're wide, that take baſe Luſt, for Loves *halfe-brother*,
Yeelding two *Fathers*, but the ſelfe ſame *Mother*:
Luſt is a Monſter, that's conceiv'd and bred
Of the abuſed *Will*; maintaind, and fed
With *ſenſuall Thoughts*; Of nature rude, uncivill;
Of life, robuſtious; and whoſe *Sire's* the Devill:
But *Love's* the Childe of *th'uncorrupted Will*,
Norriſht with *Vertue*, poys'ned with the *Swill*
Of baſe reſpects; Of nature, ſweet and milde;
In manners, gentle; eas'ly knowne, whoſe *Childe*;
For, by the likeneſſe, ev'ry eye may gather,
That he's the Off-ſpring of a heav'nly *Father*:
This, ſuffers all things; *That*, can ſuffer nothing;
This, never ends; *That*, ever ends in loathing:
T'one loves the *Darknes* moſt: The other, *Light*:
The laſt's the Childe of *Day*; The firſt, of *Night*;
The one is meeke; *The other*, full of Fyre;
This never laggs; *That* ever apt to tyre;
T'ones raſh and furious; *T'other* milde and ſage;
That dies with youth; whilſt *This* ſurvives with age;
The *One's* couragious; *Tother* full of Feares;
That ſeekes; *The other* baulks both eyes and eares:
In breife, to know them both aright, and miſſe not;
In all reſpects, *t'one* is, what *to'ther* is not:
So farre from *Brothers*, that they ſeeme diſioyn'd,
Not in *Condition* only, but in *kinde*:
Admit a Falſhood: that they had one *Mother*,
The beſt that *Luſt* can claime's a *Baſtard Brother*:

Great

Great God, muſt thou be conſcious of that *Name*,
Which iealous Mortals count the height of ſhame?
And not thy Nuptiall *Bed* alone defil'd,
But to be charged with the baſe-borne *Childe*?
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy *Rod*?
Haſt thou not cauſe to be a *Iealous God*?
Can thy iuſt *Iealouſies*, Great God, be grounded,
On Mans diſloyalty, not Man confounded?

20

On a Tinder-Boxe.

MY Soule is like to *Tinder*, whereinto
The Devill ſtrikes a *Sparke*, at ev'ry blow;
My Hearts the *Flint*; The *Steele* Temptation is;
And his *Suggeſtions* hit, and never miſſe:
His *Hand* is ſure; My *Tinder* apt to catch,
Soone ſets on fier ev'ry profer'd *Match*.

21

On ACHITOPHEL.

SAge were thy *Counſels*, and as well apply'd,
If thou hadſt had but *Loyalty* on thy ſide:
I like thy laſt *Deſigne* (above the reſt)
When thou hadſt ſet thy Houſe in *order*, beſt:
In all Exploits, the *Rule* is not ſo ample,
Not halfe ſo beneficiall as th' *Example*:
Th' Almighty proſper Chriſtian *Crownes*; and bleſſe
All ſuch like *Counſels*, with the like ſucceſſe:
Confound *Achitophel*: and, Lord, impart
His *Head* to us; and to our Foes, his *Heart*.

Vn-

22

On Sinne.

Vnhappy man! *Whoſe every breath*
Is Sin: *Whoſe every Sin is death:*

SIN, firſt, Originall; Then our actuall *Sin:*
Our *Sins* that ſally forth: Our *Sins* that lurk within.
Our wilfull *Sins*; and worlds of *Sins*, by chance,
Our conſcious *Sins*; our *Sins* of darker Ignorance,
Our oft-repeated *Sins*: *Sins* never reckon'd:
Gainſt the firſt Table *Sins*: *Sins* done againſt the ſecond,
Our pleading *Sins*; our *Sins* without a cauſe:
Our goſpel-*Sins*; rebellious *Sins* againſt thy laws:
Our *Sins* againſt our vowes; freſh *Sins* agin:
Sin of infirmity; and high preſumptious *Sin:*
Thus like our *Lines*, our Lives begin,
Continue, and conclude in *Sin:*

23

On the Sun and ſtarres.

OVr dying Saviour's like the ſetting *Sun*;
His Saints, on earth, are like the *Stars of night:*
Experience tels us, till the Sun be gon,
The ſtarres appeare not, and retaine no *light*:
Till *Sun-ſet* we deſcerne no Starres at all,
And Saints receive their Glory, in his *fall.*

24

On Abſolon *and* Sampſon.

Sampſons defect, and thy exceſſe of *hayre*, (*ayre*:
Gave him his death, oth' ground; thee, thine ith'
His thoughts were too depreſt; thine ſor'd too
As mortals live, ſo oftentimes, they die. (high;

25

On Gods favour.

GOds favour's like the *Sun*, whoſe *beams* appeare
To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemiſpheare*,
Though not to all, alike: To ſome, they expreſſe
Themſelves more radiant, and to others, leſſe:
To ſome, they riſe more early; and they fall
More late to others, giving *day* to all: (pure
Some ſoyle's more groſſe, and breathing more im-
And earthy *vapours* forth, whoſe foggs obſcure
The darkned *Medium* of the moiſter aire;
Whilſt other Soiles, more perfect, yield more rare
And purer *Fumes*; whereby, thoſe *Beames appeare*,
To ſome, leſſe glorious; and to ſome, more cleare:
It would be ever *Day*; *Day*, alwayes bright,
Did not our interpoſed *Earth* make night:
The *Sun* ſhines alwaies ſtrenuous and faire,
But, ah, our ſins, our *Clouds* benight the ayre:
Lord, drayne the *Fenns* of this my Boggy ſoule,
Whoſe groſſer *vapours* make my day ſo foule;
Thy SON hath ſtrength enough to chaſe away
Theſe riſing *Foggs*, and make a glorious *Day*:

Riſe

Riſe, and ſhine alwaies cleare; but moſt of all,
Let me behold thy glory, in thy *Fall*;
That being ſett, poore I (my fleſh being hurld
From this) may meet thee, in another *world*.

26

On a ſpirituall Fever.

MY ſoule hath had a *Fever*, a long while;
SO, I can neither reliſh, nor digeſt;
My nimble *Pulſes* beat; my *veynes* doe boile;
I cannot cloſe mine eyes, I cannot reſt:
O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to ſtrike a Vaine!
That, that would lay my *Heate*, and eaſe my *Paine*:
No, no, It is thy *Blood*, and not my owne,
Thy *Blood* muſt cure me, *Ieſus*, or elſe none.

27

On Davids choiſe.

FAmine? the *Sword*? the *Peſtilence*? which is leaſt,
When all are great? which worſt, when bad's the beſt?
It is a point of *Mercy*, yet, to give
A choiſe of death to ſuch, as muſt not live:
But was the choiſe ſo hard? It ſeemes to me,
There was a worſe, and better of the three,
Though all extreame: Me thinks, the help of hands
Might ſwage the firſt; The *bread* of forraine lands
Might patch their lives, & make ſome ſlender ſhift
To ſave a while, with neceſſary thrift:
Me thinks, the ſecond ſhould be leſſe extreame
Then that; Alas! poore *Iſrael* could not dreame

Of too much *peace*, that had ſo oft diviſion
Among themſelves, and forrain oppoſition:
Beſides, their King was *martiall*; his acts *glorious*;
His heart was *valiant*, and his hand *victorious*;
Me thinks a Conquerour, a *Man oth' ſword*
Should here be puzzeld at ſo poore a *word*:
In both, however, *David*, at the worſt,
Might well preſume he ſhould not die the firſt.
But ô, the *Plague's* impartiall; It reſpects
No quality of *Perſon*, *Age*, nor *Sex*:
The Royall *breſt's* as open to her hand
As is the looſeſt *Peſant* in the land:
Famin? the *Sword?* the *Peſt'lence? David* free,
To take his choice? and pick the worſt of three?
He that gave *David* power to refuſe,
Inſtructed *David*, in the Art to chuſe;
He knew, no forrain Kingdõe could afford (*Sword*
Supply, where God makes *Dearth*: He knew the
Would want an arm; the arm would want her skill;
And skill, *ſucceſſe*, where heav'n prepares to kill:
He knew, there was no truſt, no ſafe recourſe
To *Martiall* man, or to his warlike *horſe*;
But it is Thou, *Great God*, the only cloſe
Of his beſt thoughts, and the ſecure repoſe
Of all his *truſt*; He yields to kiſſe thy *Rod*;
Iſrael was thine, and thou art *Iſraels* God:
He knew thy gratious *wont*, thy wonted *Grace*;
He knew, thy *Mercy* tooke the upper place
Of all thy *Attributes*; T'was no adventure
To caſt himſelfe on *Thee*, the only Center
Of all his hopes; Thy *David knew* the danger
To fall toth' hands of man; or *frend*, or *ſtranger*:

Thus

Thus *Davids* filiall hopes, being anchor'd faſt
On Gods knowne *Mercy*, wiſely choſe the laſt:
If thou wilt give me *Davids* heart, Ile voyce,
Great God, with *David*; and make *Davids* choyce:
But ſtay; *deare Lord*, my tongue's too bold, too free,
To ſpeake of choyce, that merits all the *Three*.

28

On Mans unequall diviſion.

LOrd, 'tis a common courſe; w'are apt and free
To take the Beſt, and ſhare the worſt to Thee:
We Fleet the *Mornings* for our owne Deſigne;
Perchance, the Flotten *Afternoones* are thine:
Thou giv'ſt vs *Silke*; we offer *Cammills-hayre*;
Thy *bleſſings* march ith' *Front*; our *thanks*, ith' *Reare*.

29

On Beggers.

NO wonder that ſuch ſwarmes of *Beggers* lurke
In every ſtreet: 'Tis a worſe trade to worke
Then begge: Yet ſome, if they can make but ſhift
To live, will thinke it ſcorne to thrive by *gift*:
'Tis a brave mind; but yet no wiſe fore-caſt;
It is but Pride, and Pride will ſtoope at laſt;
We all are *Beggers*; ſhould be ſo, at leaſt;
Alas! we cannot worke: The very beſt
Our hands can doe, will not maintaine to live;
We can but hold them up, whilſt others give:
No ſhame for helples Man, to pray in aid;
Great *Sol'mon* ſcornd not to be *free o'th' Trade*;

He begg'd an *Almes* and blusht not; For the *Boone*
He got, was treble fairer then his *Crowne*:
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging, so;
He was both *Begger* and a *Chuser* too:
O who would trust to *Worke*, that may obtaine
The Suit he beggs, without or *sweat*, or *paine*!
O what a priviledge, Great God, have we,
That have the Honour, but to begge on thee!
Thou dost not fright us with the tort'ring *Whips*
Of *Bedels*; nor dost answere our faint lips
With churlish language; Lord, thou dost not praise
The stricter *Statute* of last *Henryes* dayes:
Thou dost not dampe us with the empty voyce
Of *Nothing for yee*: If our clam'rous noyse
Should chance t'importune, turn'st thy gracious eye
Vpon our wants, and mak'st a quick supply:
Thou dost not brand us with th'opprobrious name
Of idle *vagabonds*: Thou know'st w'are *lame*,
And cannot worke; Thou dost not, *Pharo*-like,
Deny us *Straw*, and yet requier *Brick*:
Thou canst not heare us grone beneath our *Taske*,
But freely giv'st, what we have *Faith* to aske:
The most, for which my large desire shall plead,
To serve the present's but *a Loafe of Bread*,
Or but a *Token* (ev'n as Beggers use;)
That, of thy love, will fill my slender *Cruse*:
Lord, during life, Ile begge no greater *Boone*,
If at my Death, thou'lt give me but a *Crowne*.

My

30

On the two Children.

MY *Fleſh* and *Spirit*, Lord, are like thoſe payre
Of *Infants*, whoſe ſad Mothers did repayre
To *Iuſtice:* T'one is *quick*; the other *dead:*
The two promiſcuous Parents that doe plead
For the live Childe, is *Thee* and *Sathan*, Lord:
Both claime alike; Iuſtice cals forth the *Sword*,
And ſeeing both, with equall teares, complaine,
Proffers to cleave the *Children* both in twaine;
And make them equall ſharers in the ſame
That both doe challenge, and what both diſclaime:
Sathan applaudes the motion, and replyde;
Nor *thine*, nor *mine*, but let them both divide;
And give alike to both: But thou, deare Lord,
Diſlik'ſt the Iuſtice of th'unequall *Sword:*
Rather then ſhare it *dead*, thou leav'ſt to ſtrive,
And wilt not own't at all, if not *alive:* (ther
The *Sword's* put vp, and ſtraight condemnes the o-
To be the falſe; calls Thee, the *nat'rall Mother:*
Lord of my Soule; It is but Sathans wilde,
To cheate thy boſome of thy *living Childe*;
Hee'd have the Queſtion by the *Sword* decided,
Knowing the Soule's but dead, if once *divided:*
My better part is thine, and thine alone;
Take thou the *Fleſh*, and let him gnaw the *Bone*.

31

On two Myſteries.

A Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a *Son!*
One, three entyre; and *Three*, entirely One!
Wonder of Wonders! How might all this come?
We muſt be deafe, when th'holy Spirit's dumb:
Spare to enquire it: Thou ſhalt never know,
Till *Heav'n* diſſolve, and the laſt *Trump* ſhall blow.

32

A forme of Prayer.

IF thou wouldſt learne, not knowing how, to pray,
Adde but a *Faith*, and ſay as *Beggers* ſay;
Maſter, I'm poore, and blinde, in great diſtreſſe;
Hungry and lame, and cold, and comfortleſſe:
O, ſuccour him, that's graveld on the Shelf
Of payne, and want, and cannot help himſelf;
Caſt downe thine eye upon a wretch, and take
Some pitty on me for ſweet Ieſus ſake:
But hold! Take heed this Clauſe be not put in;
I never begg'd before, nor will agin:
Note this withall, That Beggers move their plaints
At all times *Ore tenus*, not by *Saints*.

23

On Solomon *and the Queene of* Sheba.

IT ſpreds: The ſweet *perfume* of *Salomons* Fame
Affects the *Coaſts*; And his illuſtrious name
Can

Cannot be hid: The vnbeliev'd report
Muſt flye with Eagles wings, to th'honourd *Court*
Of princely *Sheba: Sheba* muſt not reſt,
Vntill her eye become th'invited Gueſt
Of *Fames* loud Trumpet; her impatience ſtrives
With light-foot *Time*, while her Ambition drives
Her *Chariot* wheeles, and gives an ayry paſſage
To'th' quick deliv'ry of her hearts *Embaſſage*:
True wiſdome planted in the hearts of Kings,
Needs no more glory then the glory'it brings;
And, like the Sun, is viewd by her owne light,
E'ing, by her owne reflection, made more bright:
The emulous *Queen's* arriv'd; *Shee's* gon toth' *Court*;
No eye-delighting *Maſque?* no Princely *Sport*,
To entertaine her? No, her eye, her eare
Is taken up, and ſcornes to ſee, to heare
Inferiour things: Sh'allowes her eare, her eye
No leſſe then *Oracles*, and *Maieſtie:*
How empty, paſtimes doe reſolve and flye
To their true nothing, when true wiſedome's by!
Th'arrived *Queene* has *Audience*; moves; diſputes;
Wiſe *Solomon* atteuds; replyes; confutes;
*Sh'*objects; *he* anſweres; *She* afreſh propounds;
She proves; maintaines it; *he* decides; confounds:
She ſmiles; *ſhe* wonders; being overdaz'd
With his bright beams, ſtands ſilent; ſtands amaz'd:
How Scripture-like Apocrypha's *appeare*
To common Books! how poore, when Scripture's *neare!*
The Queene is pleas'd, who never yet did know
The blaſt of *Fame*, leſſe prodigall, then now;
For now, the greateſt part of what ſhe knew
By Fame, is found the leaſt of what is true;

We often find, that Fame, in prime of youth,
Does adde to Falshood, and subtract from Truth:
The thankfull Queene do's, with a lib'rall hand,
Present him with the *Riches* of her Land:
Where Wisedome goes before, we often finde
That temp'rall Blessings seldome stay behinde:
Lord, grant me *wisedome*; and I shall possesse
Enough; have *more*, or have content with *lesse*.

33

On REHOBOAM.

COuld dying Parents, at their peacefull death,
Make but a firme *Assurance*, or bequeath
Their living Vertues; Could they recommend
Their *wisedome* to their heyrs; Could *hearts* descend
Vpon the bosome of succeeding Sons,
As well as *Scepters* doe; as well as *Thrones*;
Sure *Rehoboams* Reigne had found increase
Of *Love* and *Honour*, and had dyed in *peace*:
Kingdomes are transitory: *Scepters* goe
Frō hand, to hand; and *Crownes*, frō brow, to brow;
But *Wisedome* marches on another guize:
They'r two th'ngs, to be *Worldly great*, and *wise*;
It was the selfe-same *Scepter* that came downe
From *Solomon* to thee: The selfe same *Crowne*,
That did enclose his Princely browes, and thine;
The selfe same *flesh and blood*, the next o'th' Line;
The selfe-same *people* were alive, to blesse
Thy prosp'rous dayes; But not the same *successe*:
Where rests the fault? what secret mischiefe can
Vn-same thy peace? 'Twas not the selfe same *Man*.

Twa's

34

On the Prophet ſlaine by a Lyon.

TWas not for *malice*; not for want of *Food*,
The obvious *Lyon* ſhed this *Prophets* blood:
Where faithleſſe man neglects the ſacred *Law*
Of God; there, beaſts abate their ſervile *awe*
To man: When Man dares take a diſpenſation,
By ſin, to fruſtrate th'end of Mans *Creation*,
The Beaſts, oft-times, by mans Example, doe
Renounce the end of their *Creation* too:
The *Prophet* muſt abſtaine: He was forbid;
He muſt not eate: And yet the *Prophet* did:
Th'obedient *Lyon* had command to ſhed
That *Prophets* Blood: and ſee, the *Prophet's* dead:
O, how corrupt's the nature of Mans *Will*,
That breaks thoſe Lawes which very *Beaſts* fulfill!

35

On Ahab.

HOw *Ahab* longs! *Ahab* muſt be poſſeſt
Of *Naboths Vineyard*, or can find no reſt:
His tongue muſt ſecond his unlawfull eye:
Ahab muſt ſue: and *Naboth* muſt denye:
Ahab growes ſullen; he can eat no Bread;
His Body proſtrates on his reſtleſſe Bed:
Vnlawfull Luſt immoderate often brings
A loathing in the uſe of lawfull things:
Ahabs deſier muſt not be with-ſtood,
It muſt be purchas'd, though with *Naboths* Blood;

Witneſſe muſt be ſuborn'd: *Naboth* muſt lie
Open to *Law*; muſt be condemn'd; and dye:
His Goods muſt be confiſcate to the *Crowne*;
Now *Ahab's* pleas'd; The *Vineyard's* now his owne:
Vnlawfull Pleaſures, when they joſtle further
Then ordinary bounds, oft end in murther.
Me thinkes, the Grapes that cluſter from that *Vine*,
Should (being preſt) afford more *blood* then *wine*.

36

On Rehoboam.

PEople have *Balances*; wherein to weigh (wray
Their new-crown'd *Princes*; which can ſoon be-
Their native *worth*: Some counterpoyſe th'allow:
Vnhappy *Iſrael* had not weights enow,
To weigh thy *Fingers*: *Heads* can never reſt
In peace, when their poore members are oppreſt:
Had thy unlucky *Fingers* weigh'd no more
Then thy light *Iudgement*; had thy Iudgement bore
But halfe the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,
Thou hadſt bin proſp'rous, both in *Crowne*, & *State*:
The Lyon's knowne by's Paw; The people ſpends
Their Iudgement of a Prince by's *Fingers ends*.

37

On leprous Naaman.

THe *Leper*, prompted with his lothſome griefe,
Seekes to the King of *Iſrael* for reliefe:
But *Naamans* vayne deſiers could not thrive;
Iſrel's no God; to *kill*, or *make alive*:

The

The Morall Man is of too meane a Stature,
To reach his hand above the head of Nature:
The willing Prophet undertakes the *Cure*;
The *Leper* muſt goe *waſh*, and be ſecure
From his *Diſeaſe*: He muſt goe paddle ſtraight,
In *Iordan's water*: 'Tis a faire *Receipt*:
And why in *Iordan*? Have our *Syrian ſtreames*
Leſſe pow'r then *Iſr'els*? ſure the Prophet dreames:
How hard it is for Mortals to rely
On Faith! How apt is ſenſe, to queſtion, why?
The *Cure* perplexes more then the *Diſeaſe*;
Prophets preſcribe no better *meanes* then theſe?
I lookd his Ceremonious hand ſhould ſtroke
The *place*; I look'd the Prophet ſhould invoke:
Some men would faine be cleane, if God would ſtay
Their times, or would but cure them their owne way:
The techy *Leper* is diſpleas'd; hee'l hence:
The *Iordan-Prophet* dallyes againſt ſenſe:
His wiſer ſervants urge their haſty Lord
To *Iordan's ſtreames*: He waſhes; is reſtor'd:
How good a God have we, whoſe grace fulfils
Our choyce deſires oft-times againſt our wills!
The *Lepers* clens'd; And now he dos applaud
Not *Iſr'els ſtreames* alone, but *Iſr'els God*:
The Prophet muſt have thanks, and Gold beſide;
The *thanks* are taken, but the *Gold's* deny'd:
Who would not deale with Thee, that art not nice,
To ſell ſuch Pen'worths at ſo ſmall a price!
Naaman, in lieu of his refus'd reward,
Vowes the true God; provided, when his Lord
Shall ſerve ith houſe of *Rimmon*, if he bow
For faſhion-ſake, he may ſecure his *Vow*:

Some

Some will not ſtick to lend their God a houſe,
Might they reſerve one roome for their owne uſe:
Gehazi thinks the Cure too cheape; He ſoone
Oretakes the *Lepers Chariot*, asks a *Boone*
I'th' *Prophets* name: But marke what did befall;
He got his *Boone*; but got his plague withall:
Vnlawfull gaines are leaſt what they appeare,
And ill got Gold is alwayes bought too deare:
Lord, I did waſh in *Iordan*, and was cur'd;
My *Fleſh*, that falſe *Gehazi*, hath procur'd
A ſinfull *purchaſe*, having over-run
The cleanſed *Naaman* of my Soule: What's done
By falſe *Gehazi*, let *Gehazi* beare;
Let *Naamans Leproſie* alone ſtick there;
O, cleanſe them both, or if that may not be,
Lord, ſtrike *Gehazi*; and keepe *Naaman* free.

38

On Chamber-Chriſtians.

NO matter whether (ſome there be that ſay)
Or goe to *Church*, or ſtay at *home*, if pray:
Smiths dainty *Sermons* have, in plenty, ſtor'd me
With better ſtuffe, then *Pulpits* can afford me:
Tell me, why pray'ſt thou? Heav'n commanded ſo:
Art not commanded to his *Temples* to?
Smal ſtore of manners! when thy Prince bids *Come*,
And feaſt at *Court*; to ſay, *I've meat at home.*

Lord,

39

On the Widowes Cruſe.

LOrd, I'm in *debt*, and have not wherewithall
To pay: My *ſcore* is great; my *wealth* but ſmall;
My *houſe* is poorely furniſht, and my *Food*
Is ſlender; I have nothing that is good:
Lord, if my waſted *Fortunes* prove no better,
My *Debt* is ev'n as deſp'rate as the *Detter*:
All the reliefe thy ſervant this long while,
Hath had, is but a little *Cruſe* of *Oyle*;
There's none will give of *Almes*: I neither get
Enough to ſatisfie my *wants*, nor *debt*:
Lord, if thee pleaſe to ſhow the ſelfe ſame Art
Vpon the ſlender *veſſell* of my Heart,
Thy *Prophet* did, upon the *Widowes Cruſe*,
I ſhall have Oyle to ſell, have Oyle to *vſe*;
So ſhall my *Debt* be paid, and I go free;
No Debt is deſp'rate, in reſpect of Thee.

40

On the ſwimming Axe.

THe borrow'd *Axe* fell in: 'Twas loſt; lamented;
The *Prophet* moov'd; the *Workman* diſcontented;
A *Stick* hewne downe; and by the *Prophets* hand,
Throwne in; The *Axe* did float, and came aland:
And why a *Stick*? Had that the pow'r to call
The *maſſy Iron* up? Sure, none at all:
Moſes muſt uſe his *Rod*; 'Moſes, I doubt it,
Had beene but lame, but impotent without it;

Nor

Nor could that *Rod* have ſcourged *Pharoes* Land,
Had it beene waved by an *other* hand:
God often works by *meanes*, and yet not ſo,
But that he can, as well without them, too.
God can ſave Man without the help of Man,
But will not; Wils not alwayes what he can:
Something is left for us: we muſt not lye
Ith' ditch, and cry, *And if we dye we dye:*
We muſt not lye like *Blocks*, relying on (done:
The workmans *Axe*; There's ſomething muſt be
The workmans *Axe* perchance had never bin
Recald againe, if not the *ſticke* throwne in:
We muſt be doing, yet thoſe *Deeds*, as our,
Have no more native vertue, nay, leſſe power
To ſave us, then that *ſticke* had, to recall
The *Axe* from the deepe bottome of his Fall:
I will be doing; but repoſe in *Him*;
Throw I in *ſticks*, hee'l make my *Iron* ſwim.

41

On Baals *Preiſts.*

Iehu's crown'd King; *Iehu* the King muſt fall
To *Ahabs* God: *Iehu* muſt worſhip *Baal:*
The gods-divided people muſt goe call
Baals ſacred *Preiſts: Iehu* muſt worſhip *Baal:*
None muſt be left behind; They muſt come all;
Iehu muſt burne a Sacrifice to *Baal:*
The *Prieſts* come puffing in; both great and ſmall,
Muſt wait on *Iehu* that muſt worſhip *Baal:*
Baals houſe is fill'd and crouded to the wall
With people, that are come to worſhip *Baal:*

What

What muſt there now be done? what Offring ſhall
Perfume *Baals noſtrils?* ev'n the Preiſts of *Baal:*
Baals holy *Temple's* now become a *Stall*
Of Preiſtly fleſh; of fleſhly Prieſts for *Baal*;
How would our *Goſpell* flouriſh, if that all
Princes, like *Iehu*, would but worſhip *Baal*!

42

On the Tempter.

HOw dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, preſume t'approch
Into thy ſacred preſence? or incroach
Vpon thy choyce *poſſeſſions*, to devoure
Thy ſporting *Lambs?* To counterfeit thy pow'r,
And to uſurpe thy *Kingdome*, ev'n as He
Were, Lord, at leaſt, a *Subſtitute* to Thee?
Why doſt not rate him? why does he obtaine
Such favour to have liberty of his *Chaine?*
Have we not *Enemies* to counterbuffe,
Enow? Is not the *Fleſh*, the *World* enough
To foyle us? this *abroad*, and that at *home*;
But muſt that Sathan, muſt that *Bandogg* come
T'afflict the *weake*, and take the *ſtronger* ſide?
O, are there not enow, enow beſide?
Is there not odds enough, when we have none
But mighty *Foes*; nay, *Rebels* of our owne,
Beneath a falſe diſguiſe of love and peace,
That ſtill betray vs? Are not theſe, all theſe
Sufficient, to encounter and o'rethrow
Poore ſinfull Man; but muſt that *Bandogg* too,
Aſſault us, Lord? We dare not caſt our eyes
Our timerous eyes to Heav'n, we dare not riſe

From off our aking knees, to plead our caſe,
When he can commune with thee *face to face*;
Nay more, were it but poſſible to doe,
Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Faction* too.
Lord, lend me but thy power to reſiſt
What *Foes* thou ſendſt, & ſend what Foes thou liſt:
It is thy *Battaile*: If thou pleaſe to warme
My blood, and find the *ſtrength*, Ile find the *Arme*;
March thou i'th' *Front*; Ile follow in the *Reare*;
Come then ten thouſand *Bandogs*, Ile not feare.

43

On a Cypher.

Cyphers to *Cyphers* added, ſeeme to come
(With thoſe that know not *Art*) to a great *ſum*:
But ſuch as skill in *Numeration*, know,
That worlds of *Cyphers*, are but worlds of *ſhow*:
We ſtand thoſe *Cyphers*, ere ſince *Adams* fall;
We are but *ſhow*; we are no *ſumme* at all:
Our boſome-pleaſures, and delights, that doe
Appeare ſo glorious, are but *Cyphers* too:
High-prized *honour*; *Friends*; This *houſe*; The *tother*,
Are but one *Cypher* added to another:
Reckon by rules of *Art*, and tell me, than,
How great is thy *Eſtate*, Ingenious Man?
Lord, be my *Figure*, Then it ſhall be knowne
That I am *Something*: *Nothing*, if alone:
I care not in what *place*, in what *degree*;
I doe not weigh how ſmall my *Figure* be:
But as I am, I have nor worth, nor *vigure*:
I am thy *Cypher*; O, be thou my *Figure*.

The

44

On Haman *and* Mordecay.

THe *King* wold fain take reſt; But thought denies
To pay her nightly *Tribute* to his eyes:
The Perſian *Cronicle* muſt be brought, to ſet
His eyes in quiet, till they'r payd the *debt*:
He turnes the leaves; The firſt he lights upon,
Is the *true ſervice* of *Mordecay* had done:
Heav'n often works his ends, at ſuch a ſeaſon,
When Man has will to baniſh ſenſe, and Reaſon:
His loyall ſervice muſt be now recall'd
To bleſt remembrance: *Haman* muſt be call'd
To Councell; queſtion'd, but not know the thing,
The King intends: He muſt adviſe the *King*,
What *Ceremony* muſt be us'd, what *Coſt*,
What *Honor*, where the King ſhall honor moſt?
Obſerve but in the Progreſſe of this Story,
How God turnes Factor for his Servants glory:
Haman perſwaded that ſuch *honour* can
Fit none but him; here queſtions, *Who's the Man?*
His more ambitious thoughts are now providing
A *Horſe of State*, for his owne Princely riding;
In briefe; his Iudgement is, That ſuch a *One*,
Muſt lack no Honor, *but the Royall Throne:*
How apt is Man to flatter his owne heart!
How faire a Debter to his falſe deſert!
The royall *Horſe* is ready, all things fit,
That could be broach'd by a vain-glorious witt:
Haman expects his anſwere; His Ambition
Spurrs on, wants nothing but his *large Commiſſion:*

Haman must haste with all the speed he can,
And see it done: But *Mordecay's the Man:*
God often crownes his Servants at their Cost,
That hate their persons, and disdaine them most:
Lord, if thou please to make me but thine owne,
I shall have *Honour*, spight of *Honours* frowne.

45

On Iobs *Temptations.*

GOd questions *Sathan:* Boasts his *Iobs* desert,
In the perfection of a *Simple Heart:*
Iobs Faith was fervent; Sathan was as chill
To yeeld it; but must yeeld against his will;
Condemnes it to be *Servile*, to be bought
With *Gods* own coyne: *Dos Iob serve God for nought?*
It is a common trick, the Tempter uses,
The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuses:
Alas, that *Faith* requires not so much praise,
'Tis a good *Faith*, as *Faiths* goe now adayes:
Is it not strengthen'd by thy' indulgent hand,
That blest his *Labours*, and inricht his *Land?*
Puffe out the *Fire*, his Faith will quickly chill:
Sathan puffe thou; nay Sathan puffe thy will:
Nor Ebbe nor Floud of small, or great estate,
Are certaine Badges of Gods love, or Hate:
What's now to doe? Poore *Iob* must be bereaven
Of all his stronger *Herds*; *Fire*, sent from Heaven,
Must burne his fruitfull *Flocks*, that none remaine;
His *houses* fall; and all his *Children* slaine;
And yet not curse? Alas, poore *Iob* adresses
His thoughts to heav'n; he worships God & *blesses:*

The

The lively Faith that can retaine her God,
May groane; but ſeldome rave beneath the Rod.
But what ſayes *Sathan* now? The *hedge* is broke,
That fenc'd my Servant *Iob*: What further *Cloke*
For his uprightneſſe hath he? what *pretence*
For his continued Love and Innocence?
Has not thy malice had her owne deſire?
'Twas ſoundly puff'd; thy *Puffs* have blown the *fire:*
Gods Tryals are like Bellows: Sathan's Blower,
Blowes out falſe Faiths, makes true ones blaze the more.
True Lord; His *Faith* is tough: But *Snailes* as well
Can thrive without, as live within their *Shell:*
To ſave a *life* who would not loſe ſome *skin?*
Touch but his *Hornes,* O how hee'l draw them in!
Sathan I give thy malice leave, be free
To peele the *Barke,* but ſpare to touch the *Tree:*
Feare not ye little Flock: The greateſt ill
Your Foes can doe's to ſcratch; They cannot kill.
What now's th'exployt? Afflicted *Iob* does lye,
A very *Hoſpitall* of miſery:
I thinke, that all the *Vlcers* that have bin
In Egypt cur'd, are broken out again
In his diſtempered Fleſh; yet *Iob* is ſtill
The very ſame, nor charg'd his God with ill:
A Faith that lodges in a double Breſt,
May ſtand the touch; None but true Faiths, the Teſt:
If theſe be *Flames* poore man muſt ſwelter in,
He needs a *World* a patience, not to ſin.

46

On bauling Curres.

I Feard the world and I were too acquainted;
I hope my feares are, like her loyes, but painted:
Had I not bin a *Stranger*, as I paſt,
Her bauling *Curres* had never barkd ſo faſt.

47

On DAVID.

STands it with State, that Princely *David*, who
Did *weare* the *Crown*, ſhould *play* the *Harper* too?
He playes and ſings; His glory nere diſdaines
To dance, and to receive a *Crowne* for's paines:
Tis no diſparagement, 'tis no miſpriſion
Of State, to play before the *Great Muſition*.

48

On ABRAHAM.

THe word is out: Poore *Abr'am* muſt be gon;
Muſt take his *Iſaak*; take his onely Son;
The Son of his *Affection*; him, from whom,
From whoſe bleſt *loynes* ſo many *Kings* muſt come:
Ev'n him muſt *Abr'am* ſlay, *Abr'am* muſt riſe,
And offer *Iſaac* a *burnt Sacrifice*.
God ſcornes the Offals of our faint deſires;
He gives the beſt, and hee the beſt requires.
Abr'am forbeares to queſtion; thinks not good
To reaſon, to adviſe with *Fleſh* and *Blood*;

Begs

Begs not young *Iſaacks* life, nor goes about
T'object the *Law of Murther*; makes no doubt:
He riſes, riſes early; leads his Son;
Haſts where this holy *Slaughter* muſt be done:
Where God bids Goe; *that very Breath's a Warrant*;
We muſt not linger there: Haſte crownes the Arrant.
His Servants muſt no further: They muſt ſtay;
Private Devotion claimes a private way:
They muſt abide with th' *Aſſe*, whilſt th'aged Syre
In t'one hand takes the *knife*; in t'other, *Fire:*
The ſacred *Wood* of *Offring* muſt be pil'd
On the young ſhoulders of th'obedient *Childe:*
O here mine eye muſt ſpend a teare, to ſee
Thee beare that Wood, great God, that, ſince, bore Thee:
Miſtruſtles *Iſaac* ſeeing the *wood*, the *fire*,
The *ſacrificing Knife*, begins t'enquire,
But where's the Sacred Lamb, that muſt be ſlaine?
Reſolved *Abra'm* leſt the *fleſh* ſhould gaine
Too much of *Nature*) ſayes not, *Thou my Son*
Art he; but, *The Almighty will provide us One:*
Where God commands, 'tis not enough t'effect,
But we muſt baulk th'occaſion of neglect.
The faithfull *Abra'm* now erects an *Alter*;
Orders the *wood:* what tongue can chuſe but falter,
To tell the reſt? He layes his hand upon
His wondring *Iſaac*; binds his only *Son*;
He layes him downe; vnſheath's his Prieſtly *knife*;
Vp-heaves his arme, to take his *Iſaacks* life:
True Faith is active: Covets to proceed
From thought to action; and from will to deed:
Before the ſtrengthned ſtroke had time to fall,
A Sudden voyce from Heav'n cryes *hold*; *Recall*

Thy

Thy threatning Arme, and ſheath thy holy Knife,
Thy Faith has anſwer'd for thy Iſaac's *life;*
Touch not the Childe; thy Faith is throughly ſhowne,
That has not ſpar'd thine owne, thine only Son:
How eaſie is our God, and liberall, who
Counts it as don, what we have will to doe!

49

On Cenſorio.

Cenſorio takes in hand, by ſharp reproofe,
To mend his Brothers error, and to ſnuffe
His darkned Flame; and yet *Cenſorio's* crimes
Are rankt among the fouleſt of the Times:
Let none preſume, *Cenſorio*, to controule
Or top the dim *light* of anothers Soule,
If not more pure then him, that is controll'd:
The Temple-Snuffers muſt be perfect Gold.

50

On Mordecay *and* Haman.

TWo *Steeds* appointed were by *Hamans* hand;
The one at *Graſſe*; The other Steed did ſtand
In *Perſia's Mues*: The *former* was providing
For *Mordecay*; the laſt for *Hamans* riding:
But ſince, in order, laſt things prove the worſt,
Hamans ambition drove him to the Firſt:
But ſee, proud *Hamans* prouder *Steed* did caſt
His glorious rider, whileſt the *Iew* ſits faſt:
What matter *Haman? Fortune*, though no Friend
Of thine, firſt brought thee to thy *Iourneyes end.*

The

41

On three Fooles.

THe Wiſeman ſayes, *It is a Wiſe-mans part,*
To keepe his tongue cloſe priſ'ner in his heart;
If he be then a Foole, whoſe thought denies
There is a God, how deſp'rately unwiſe,
How more then Foole is he, whoſe language ſhall
Proclaime in publike, *There's no God at all!*
What then are they, nay Fooles, in what degree,
Whoſe Actions ſhall maintain't? *Such Fooles are we.*

52

On miſerable man.

ADam, the higheſt pitch of perfect nature,
And lively image of his great *Creator,*
Declin'd his God; and, by one ſinfull *Deed,*
Deſtroy'd himſelfe, and ruin'd all his *ſeed:* (tion,
How wretched, then, how deſp'rate's our Condi-
Whoſe ev'ry minute makes a repetition
Of greater ſins, againſt both light of *Nature,*
And *Grace,* againſt *Creation* and *Creator!*
Alas! we claime not by *deſcent,* alone,
But add by hourely purchaſe of our owne:
There is no *breach* of Loyalty, no *ſin*
We are imperfect, and unpractis'd in;
Shall not a world of *Sins* bring ruine, then,
To *One*; when one *Sin* ſlew a world of men?

53

On Mans two enemies.

TWo potent Enemies attend on Man:
T'one's fat and plump; The *other* leane and wan;
T'one faunes and ſmiles; *The other* weepes as faſt;
The firſt *Preſumption* is; *Deſpaire*, the laſt:
That feeds upon the *bounty* of full Treaſure;
Brings iolly newes of *Peace*, and laſting *pleaſure*:
This feeds on *want*, unapt to entertaine
Gods *Bleſſings*: Finds them ever in the *waine*:
Their *Maximes* diſagree; But their *Concluſion*
Is the ſelfe ſame: Both jump in Mans *Confuſion*:
Lord, keepe me from the *firſt*, or elſe, I ſhall
Sore up and melt my waxen wings, and fall:
Lord, keepe the *ſecond* from me; leſt I, then,
Sinke downe ſo low, I never riſe agen:
Teach me to know my ſelfe, and what I am,
And my *Preſumption* will be turnd to *ſhame*:
Give me true *Faith*, to know thy dying Son,
What Ground has then *Deſpaire* to worke upon?
T'avoid my ſhipwrack upon either *Shelfe*,
O, teach me, Lord, to know *my God*; my *ſelfe*.

54

On Queene ESTER.

ILluſtrious *Princeſſe*, had thy chance not beene,
To be a *Captive*, thou hadſt bin no *Queene*:
Such is the *Fortune*, our *Misfortune* brings;
Had we not firſt bin *Slaves*, w'ad nere beene *Kings*.

Have

55

On Slanders.

HAve ſland'rous tongues bin buſie to defame
The pretious *Oyntment* of my better name?
Or hath cenſorious baſeneſſe gone about
With her rude blaſt to puffe my *Taper* out?
They have: And let their full mouthd *bellowes* puffe;
It is their *Breath* that ſtinks, and not my *Snuffe*:
I, let them ſnarle and burſt, that I may ſmile;
Doe, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while:
They cannot ſtrike beyond my patience; No,
Ile beare, and take it for an *Honour* too;
The height that my *Ambition* ſhall flye,
Is only to deſerve their *Calumny*:
O, what a Iudgement 'twere, if ſuch as they
Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray
My endangered *name*, by their maligne applauſe,
To good *Opinion*, That were a juſt Cauſe
Of *Griefe* indeed! but to be made the Story
Of ſuch baſe tongues, it is my *Crowne*, my *Glory*:
I, let them ſpend their *Duſt* againſt the winde,
And bark againſt the *Moone*, till they be blind,
And weary; Let their malice not forbeare
To baule at *Innocence*, to wound and teare
An abſent name, whilſt their unhallowed tongues
Make me a glorious *Martyr* in their wrongs:
I beg no Favour; Nay, my hearts deſire
Is ſtill to be *calcin'd* by ſuch a Fyre;
That, in concluſion, all men may behold
A faire gilt *Counter*, from a *Crowne of Gold*.

Great God, I care not this, how foule I ſeeme
To *Man*; may I be faire in thy *eſteeme*:
It matters not how *light* I ſeeme to be
To the baſe world, ſo I be *weight* to Thee.

56

On NABVCHADNEZZER.

WHat luckleſſe Accident hath bred ſuch odds
Betwixt great *Babels Monarch*, and his *Gods*,
That they ſo oft diſturbe him, and affright
His broken ſlumbers with the *Dreames* of night!
Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,
That he muſt quit the *Glory* of his Throne,
His Royall *Scepter*, his Imperiall *Crowne*?
Muſt bee expeld his *Honour*, and come downe
Below the meaneſt *Slave*, and, for a Seaſon,
Be baniſht from the uſe, the Act of *Reaſon*?
Muſt be exil'd from *humane ſhape*, and chew
The cudde, and muſt be moiſtned with the dew
Of heav'n; nay, differ in no other thing
From the bruit beaſt, but that *he was a King*:
What ayle thy Gods, that they are turn'd ſo rough,
So full of rage? what, had they meat enough
To fill their *golden* Stomacks? Was thy knee
Bent oft enough? what might the reaſon be?
Alas, poore harmleſſe things! it was not they;
'Twas not their wills: I dare be bold to ſay,
They knew it not: It was not they that did it;
They had no pow'r to *act*, or to *forbid* it:
Deſerv'dſt thou not, Great King, the ſtile of *Beaſt*,
To ſerve ſuch Gods, whoſe Deities can digeſt
Their

Their ſervants open wrongs? that could diſpenſe
With what they'endure without the leaſt offence?
Illuſtrious *Beaſt*, methinks thy better'd ſtate
Has no great reaſon to complaine of *Fate*:
Thou art more neere to him thou didſt adore,
By one *degree*, then ere thou wert before:
'Tis ſome promotion; That there is leſſe ods
Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *ſenſleſſe Gods*.

57

On Partio.

HAſt thou forſaken all thy *Sinnes*, but One?
Beleeve it, *Partio*; Th'aſt forſaken *None*.

58

On Ignorance.

THe greateſt *Friend* Religion hath t'advance
Her glory's unaffected *Ignorance*:
The burning *Taper* lends the faireſt light,
And ſhines moſt glorious, in the *ſhades of night*.

59

On a great Battaile.

WHen my rebellious *Fleſh* doth diſagree
With my reſiſting *Spirit*; me thinks, I ſee
Two mighty Princes draw into the *Field*,
Where one muſt win the *Day*; the other, yeeld:
They both prepare; Both ſtrike up their *Alarmes*;
Both march; Both well appointed in their *Armes*;

They both advance their *Banners:* T'one displayes
A *bloody Crosse:* The other Colours blaze
A Globe terrestriall: Nature carries one;
And *Grace*, the other: Each by's *Ensigne's* knowne:
They meet; encounter; *blowes* exchange for *blowes*;
Dart is returnd for Dart: They grapple; Close;
Their Fortune's hurryed with unequall *Sailes*;
Somtimes the *Crosse*; somtimes, the *Globe* prevailes.
We are that *Field*; And they that strive to win us,
Are *God* and *Sathan*; Those, that warre within vs,
The *Flesh* the *Spirit:* No parting of the *Fray*,
Till one shall win; the other, lose the *Day:*
My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,
That dares oppose: O, quicken and refresh
My dull and coward *Spirit*, that would yeeld,
And make proud Sathan *Master of the Field:* (good
Deare Lord, the *Field's* thy own; thou thoughtst it
To purchas't with my dying Saviours *Blood:*
'Tis thine, Great God, by *title*, and by *right*; (fight?
Why shouldst thou question, what's thy owne, by
Lord, keepe possession thou, and let th'accurst
And base *Vsurper* doe his best, his worst.

60

On the World.

THe World's an *Inne*; and I, her *Guest*;
I eate; I drinke; I take my Rest:
My *Hostesse* Nature, do's deny me
Nothing, wherewith she can supply me:
Where, having stayd a while, I pay
Her *lavish Bills*, and goe my way.

Away,

61

On the Sabbath.

AWay my *thoughts:* Away my *words*, my *deeds*;
Away, what ever nouriſhes and feeds
My frayle *delights:* Preſume not to approach
Into my preſence; dare not once t'encroach
Vpon the hallowed *Temple* of my Soule;
Ye are not for this *Day*; y'are all too foule:
Abide yee with the *Aſſe*, till I goe yonder,
And cleave the *Iſaac* of my heart in ſunder:
I muſt goe ſacrifice: I muſt goe pay,
I muſt performe my holy *vowes*, to day:
Tempt not my tender *Frailty:* I enjoyne
Your needfull abſence; y'are no longer mine:
But if it may not be, that we muſt ſever
Our yoakt affections, and not part for ever;
Yet give me leave, without offence, to borrow,
At leaſt, this day, although we meet to *morrow*.

62

On Prayer.

IN all our Prayres, th'Almighty do's regard
The Iudgement of the *Ballance*, not the *Teard:*
He loves not *Words*, but *Matter*; 'Tis his pleaſure
To buy his Wares by *Weight*, and not by *Meaſure*.

Findſt

63

On FIDO.

FIndst thou no comfort on this fickle *Earth?*
No Ioy at all? No *Obiect* for thy Mirth?
Nothing but *Sorrow?* Nothing else, but *toyle?*
What, doe thy dayes shew nothing, worth a *smile?*
Doe worldly pleasures no contentment give?
Content thee, *Fido*, Th'ast not long to live.

64

On CHARISSA.

WOldst thou, *Charissa*, wish thy *fortunes* better,
Then, by thy *act*, to make thy *God* thy *Detter?*
Ile teach thee how to doe't: *Relieve the poore*;
And thou mayst safely set it on Gods *Score*.

65

On RAYMOND SEBVND.

I Wonder, *Raymond*, thy illustrious *Witt*,
Strengthned with so much *learning*, could cõmit
So great a Folly, as to goe about,
By Natures feeble *light*, to blazon out (Men
Such Hea'vn-bred *Mist'ryes*, which the hearts of
Cannot conceiue, much lesse the darkned *Pen*
Expresse; such secrets, at whose depth, the *Quire*
Of blessed Angels tremble, and admire:
Could thy vaine-glory lend no easier taske
To thy sublime *Attempt*, then to vnmaske

The

The glorious *Trinity*, whoſe Triune *face*
Was ne're diſcovered by the eye of *Grace*,
Much leſſe by th'eye of *Nature*, being a ſtory
Objected only to the Eye of *Glory?*
Put out thy light, bold *Raymond*, and be wiſe;
Silence thy tongue, and cloſe thy'ambitious eyes:
Such *heights* as theſe, are Subjects far more fit
For holy *Admiration*, then for *Witt*.

66

On Sinnes.

MY Sinnes are like the *hayres* upon my head,
And raiſe their *Audit* to as high a ſcore;
In this they differ; *Theſe* doe dayly ſhed,
But, ah, my *ſinnes* grow dayly more and more:
If, by my *Hayres*, thou number out my *ſinnes*,
Heav'n make me *bald*, before that *day* begins.

67

On the Goſpell.

OVr *Goſpell* thrives the more by forreine *Iarrs*;
It overcomes in outward *oppoſition:*
But O, it ſuffers ſtill, in Civill Warres,
And loſes Honour by a *home-diviſion:*
If thou aſſiſt, I care not, Lord, with whom
I warre *abroad*, ſo I have peace *at home*.

O Lord,

68

On the dayes of Man.

LOrd, if our Dayes be *few*, why doe we ſpend
And laviſh them unto ſo evill an end?
Lord, if our dayes be evill, why doe we wrong
Our ſelves, and Thee, to wiſh our *Day* ſo long?
Our *dayes* decreaſe; but, ſtill, our *evils* renew; (*few.*
Great God, we make them *evill*; Thou mak'ſt them

69

On Sinnes.

MY Sinnes are like the *Sands* upon the ſhore;
Which every *Ebbe* layes open to the Eye:
In this they differ; *Theſe* are cover'd ore
With ev'ry *Flood:* My *ſinnes* ſtill open lye:
If thou wilt make mine Eyes a *Sea of teares*,
O, they will hide the ſinnes of all my *yeares*.

70

On KAIN *and* DAVID.

THeir Sins were equall; Equall was their guilt:
They both committed *Homicide*; Both ſpilt
Their Brothers guiltles blood: Nay, of the twayne,
The firſt occaſion was leſſe foule, in *Kain:*
'Twas likely *Kains* Murther was in *heate*
Of blood; There was no former *grudge*, no *threate:*
But *Davids* was a *Plott*; He tooke the life
Of poore *Vriah*, to enjoy his *Wife:*

Was

Was *Iuſtice* equall? Was her *Ballance* even?
Kain was puniſht: *David* was *forgiven*:
Both came to tryall: But good *David* did
Confeſſe that Sin, which curſed *Kain hid*:
Kain bewaild the *puniſhment*; wherein,
His Sin had plung'd him: *David* wayles his *Sin*:
If I lament my *ſins*; Thou wilt forbeare
To *puniſh*, Lord; or give me ſtrength, to *beare*.

71

On PLAVSVS.

PLauſus, of late, hath rais'd an *Hoſpitall*;
Repayr'd a *Church*; Founded a *Colledge-Hall*:
Plauſus hath built a holy *Temple*; vow'd it
To God: Erects a *Schoole*, and has endow'd it:
Plauſus hath given, through his abundant pity,
A *Spittle* to the blind, and lame o'th' City:
Plauſus allowes a *Table* for the poore
O'th' Pariſh; beſides thoſe, he feeds at *doore*:
Plauſus relieves the *Priſons*; Mends the *Wayes*;
Maintaines a *Lecture*, on the *Market dayes*:
Plauſus, in brieſe, for bounty beares the *Bell*;
Plauſus has don much *Good*; But nothing, *Well*.

72

On Sinnes.

MY Sinnes are like the *Starres*, within the skyes;
In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great:
In this they differ: *Theſe* doe ſet and riſe;
But ah, my Sinnes doe *riſe*, but never *ſett*:

Shine *Son of glory*, and my ſins are gon,
Like twinkling *Starrs*, before the riſing *Sun*.

73

On change of Weathers.

ANd were it for thy profit, to obtaine
All *Sunſhine?* No viciſſitude of *Raine?*
Think'ſt thou, that thy laborious *Plough* requires
Not Winter *froſts*, as well as Summer *fiers?*
There muſt be both: Somtimes theſe hearts of ours
Muſt have the ſweet, the ſeaſonable Showres
Of *Teares*; Sometimes, the Froſt of chill *deſpaire*
Makes our deſired *ſunſhine* ſeeme more *faire*:
Weathers that moſt oppoſe to Fleſh and Blood,
Are ſuch as helpe to make our *Harveſt* good:
We may not chooſe, great *God*; It is thy *Task*:
We know not what to *have*; nor how to *aſk*.

74

On PROSPER.

TAke heed, thou proſp'rous *ſinner*, how thou liv'ſt
In Sin, and thriv'ſt;
Thou, that doeſt flouriſh in thy *heapes of gold*,
And ſummes vntold;
Thou, that hadſt never reaſon to complaine
Of *Croſſe*, or *paine*.
Whoſe unafflicted *Conſcience* never found
Nor *Check*, nor *Wound*;
Beleeve it, *Proſper*, thy deceitfull Leaſe
Allowes thee neither *wealth*, nor *Ioy*, nor *Peace*:

Thy

Thy golden *heapes* are nothing but the price
Of *Paradiſe*;
Thy *Flattering* pleaſures, and thy *ayrie Ioyes*,
But painted *Toyes*;
Thy peaceſull Conſcience is but like a *Dogge*,
Tyed in a *Clogge*;
Beleeve it, *Proſper*, thy deceitfull Leaſe
Allowes thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Ioy*, nor *Peace*:
Thy *heapes* of Gold will ſtand thee in no ſteed,
At greateſt need;
Thy *empty* Pleaſures, will convert thy laughter,
To *groanes*, hereafter:
Thy ſilent *Conſcience*, when enlarg'd, will roare,
And rage the more:
Beleeve it, *Proſper*, thy deceitfull Leaſe,
Affords the neither *Wealth*, nor *Ioy*, not *Peace*.

75

On the Sight of a Plague bill.

FIve thouſand in a weeke, in one poore City?
Becauſe it was thy *Pleaſure*, twas no pity;
Why ſhould thou pity vs, Iuſt God, when we
Could never finde a time to pity thee?
Thou never ſtrik'ſt without a reaſon why,
Nor often, then: We eaſily caſt our eye
Vpon the *puniſhment*, but blinde to th' *ſin*,
That farre tranſcends the *Iudgement* it calls in:
O, if the weekly *Bills* of our Tranſgreſſion
Could but appeare, and make as deepe impreſſion
In our ſad hearts, to make our hearts but know
As great a ſorrow, as our *Plague-bills* doe;

No

No doubt, no doubt but Heav'ns avenging hand
Would turne a Stranger to our prosprous Land:
O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of Sin
Could, with our City *Bills*, be brought but in,
And be compar'd, wee'd think our *Bills* not high,
But rather wonder there are men, to *dye*.

76

On Theaters.

SIx *dayes* were made for *work*; the seventh, for *rest*;
I read of none, that Heav'n ordaind for *Play*:
How have our looser *Theaters* transgrest
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry *Day*: (shame,
Me thinks, that they should change their *Trade*, for
Or honour't with a more *laborious* name.

77

On Players and Ballad-mongers.

OVr *merry* Ballads, and *lascivious* Playes
Are much alike: To common censure, both
Doe stand or fall: T'one *sings*; the other *sayes*;
And both are *Fripp'ries* of anothers Froth:
In short; They'r *Preist* and *Clark* of *Belials* Altar;
T'one makes the *Sermon*; T'other tunes the *Psalter*.

Our

78

On God and the King.

OVr *God* and *Prince* (whom God for ever bleſſe)
Are both, in Mercy, of a *Conſtitution:*
Both ſlow, till meere neceſſity ſhall preſſe,
To put their *penall Lawes* in Execution:
And marke, How in a like ſucceſſe they ioyne;
At both we *grumble*; and at both, *repine.*

79

On the life and death of Man.

THe life of Man is but th'imperfect Story
Of his *Adventure*, towards future Glory,
For *death* to finiſh: Who will ſticke to ſay,
A glorious *Ev'n* foretells a glorious *Day?*

80

On FOX.

THere was a time, (wo-worth that heavy time)
When rav'nous *Foxes* did devoure the prime,
And choyce of all our *Lambs:* But Heav'n did raiſe
A more ingenuous FOX, in after dayes,
Whoſe high immortall *Pen* redeem'd their breath,
And made thoſe *Lambs* revive, in ſpight of death:
To ſee, how mutuall Saintly *Favours* be!
Thou gav'ſt them life, that now give life to thee.

The

81

On the Booke of Common Prayer.

THe Booke of *Common Pray'r* excels the reſt;
For *Pray'rs* that are moſt *Common* are the beſt.

82

To MVNDANO.

WOldſt thou *Mundano*, prove *too great, too ſtrong*
For peeviſh *Fortunes* angry brow to wrong?
Renounce her power: Baniſh *Fortune* hence,
And truſt thee to the hands of *Providence*;
The pooreſt heart that ever did importune
Heav'ns ayd, is farre above the frownes of *Fortune*.

83

On Romes Sacrifices.

IT cannot be excus'd: It is a wrong
Proceeding from a too-too partiall tongue,
To ſay, The profer'd ſervice of falſe *Rome*
Had no good ſavor, and did never come
Toth' *gates* of Heav'n; Fye, *Rome's* belyde;
For when our *Troopes* of glorious Martyrs dy'd,
In that warm *age*, who were their *Prieſts?* By whom
Was their blood ſhed? Was't not by holy *Rome?*
Such ſweet *Perfumes*, I dare be bold to ſay,
Rome never burnt before, nor ſince that *day:*
A ſweeter *Incenſe*, ſave his *dying Son*,
Heav'n ne're accepted ſince this World begnn.

It

84

On a dead Man.

IT is a common uſe to entertaine
The knowledge of a great man, by his *Trayne:*
How great's the *dead-man* then? There's none that be
So backt with troopes of *Followers*, as Hee.

85

On corner Sinners.

SVch men are like to *Owles*; They take delight
To make the night their day; their *day*, the night:
They hate the *Sun*, and love dark corners beſt;
But they ſhall houle, when *day-birds* are at reſt.

86

On the Kite.

MArk but the ſoaring *Kite*; and ſhe will read
Brave *rules* for Diet; teach thee how to feed;
She flyes aloft; She ſpreads her ayrie plumes
Above the reach, above the nautious fumes
Of dang'rous *earth*; She makes her ſelfe a ſtranger
T'inferiour things, and checks at ev'ry *danger*;
At length, ſhe ſtoopes; and, with a brave diſdaine,
She ſtrikes her *prey*, and mounts her up againe;
By her example, learne to uſe the earth,
And thou ſhalt find leſſe *miſchiefe*, and more *mirth*.

87

On FORMIO.

Formio bewailes his *Sins*, with the ſame heart,
As *Frends* do *Frends*, when they'r about to part;
Beleeve it, *Formio* will not entertaine
A merry thought, untill they meet againe.

88

On boſome ſinnes.

HOw loath is *Fleſh*, to yeild! the *Spirit*, to win
The glorious Conqueſt of a *Boſome ſin!*
O, how the'ingenious *Fleſh* will pleade! abuſe
The height of *Wit*, to argue, o excuſe:
At length, it yeelds: O, give it leave to ſtay
A yeare; a moneth; a weeke; at leaſt, a day;
And if not ſo, yet let my breaking heart
But hugg it once or twiſe, before we part;
Let me but take my leave, my thoghts ſhal bind me
From the leaſt touch; let me but looke behind me:
Nay ſin, *Gehezi-like*, will have a blow
At cleanſed *Namans bounty*, ere ſhe goe.

89

On the Eccho.

AN *Eccho's* nothing, but a forc'd rebound,
Or airy repercuſſion of a *Sound*,
Proceeding from ſome *hollow place*, well knowne
To have no *Bulk*, no *Beeing* of her owne:

It

It is no *Subſtance*; nothing, but a *Noiſe*;
An *empty ſound*; the *picture* of a voyce:
Such is my *Courtly Friend*, At my requeſt,
Hee'l breath his ſervice from his hollow breſt,
And *Eccho*-like for every word that's blowne
Into his eares, returnes me *two*, for *one*;
But when they come toth' Teſt, alas they'r found
More light then *Ayre*, meere *ſhadowes* of a Sound;
Ile truſt my God; His bounty ſtill affords
As many *deedes*, as my falſe Friends do *words*.

90

On a Water-Mill.

THe formall Chriſtian's like a *Watermill*:
Vntill the *Floodgate's* open, he lyes ſtill;
He cannot work at all; he cannot dreame
Of going, till his wheeles ſhall finde the *ſtreame*.

91

On Pavl *and* Apollos.

TIs not, what this man, or what that man ſaith,
Brings the leaſt *ſtone*, toth' building of my faith;
My eare may ramble, but my *Conſcience* followes
No man: I'me neither *Pauls*, nor yet *Apollo's*:
When Scripture *gold* lyes by me, is it juſt
To take up my Salvation, upon *Truſt*?
My Faith ſhall be confin'd to no mans *Liſts*;
Ile only follow *Paul*, as *Paul* is *Chriſts*.

92

On Morvs.

IF a poore timerous *Hare* but croſſe the way,
Morus will keepe his chamber, all the day;
What *Evill* portends it, *Morus*? It does ſhow,
That *Morus* is *not wiſe*, for thinking ſo.
But *Morus* keepes his *Chamber*: There will be,
Morus, one Foole the leſſe abroad by *Thee*.

93

On ſome faiths.

SOme Faiths are like thoſe *Mills*, that cãnot grind
Their *Corne*, vnles they worke againſt the *Wind*:

94

On the Temporizer.

HE ſeemes to be a *Man of Warre*; His ſayle
Being fill'd and proſper'd with a foreright *Gale*,
Makes ſpeedy way; and, with her *Keele*, divides
The ſparkling furrowes of the ſwelling *Tides*;
Or if the winde ſhould ſlacke, or ceaſe to blow,
Can make a ſhift to *Tide* it to and fro;
But if it prove a *Storme*, or the wind croſſe,
His wavering *Bottom* ſoone begins to toſſe
Vpon the troubled *waves*, without regard
Of either *ſteare*, or yet the *ſeamans Card*;
His prouder Courage quailes, & the rough weather
Tranſports his wandring *keel*, he knows not whither;
Till,

Till, after many a ruine-threatning knock,
He's overwhelmd or ſplitt vpon a *Rock.*

95

On our ſins.

IT is an Errour even as *foule*, to call
Our ſins too *great* for pardon, as too *ſmall.*

96

On the Hypocrite.

HEe's like a *Chriſtmas Candle*, whoſe good name
Crowns his faire actions with a glorious *flame*;
Burnes cleare and bright, and leaves no ground for doubt
To queſtion, but he ſtincks at going out; (
When Death puffs out his *Flame*, the ſnuff will tell
If he were *Wax*, or *Tallow*, by the ſmell.

97

On Secret-mungers.

HE, that at *Secrets*, ſhall compoſe his aime,
Is like the *Flie* that ſports about the Flame;
He never leaves to buzze, untill he brings
Himſelfe to ruine; or at leaſt, his *wings*:
And like a deſp'rate *Fly*, though he has bin
Once ſcorcht, hee'l venture at the *Flame* agin.

The

98

On a Flye.

THe Sun-delighting *Flye* repayres, at firſt,
To the full *Cup*, only to quench her thirſt;
But, oftentimes, ſhe ſports about the *Brinke*,
And ſipps ſo long till ſhe be drownd in *drinke*:
When wanton leyſure ſhall preſent thine eye
With laviſh Cups, *Remember but the Flye.*

99

On Scripture and Apocrypha.

WHen as the *Scripture* opens to mine eyes,
I ſee my Lord in's *Bed*: But when I meet
Th' *Apocrypha* at th'end, me thinks it lyes,
Like his well countnanc'd *Page*, at the *Beds feet*;
Who wears his Lords *old Cloths*, made leſſe; & ſayes
His owne *Inventions* in his Maſters *Phraſe.*

100

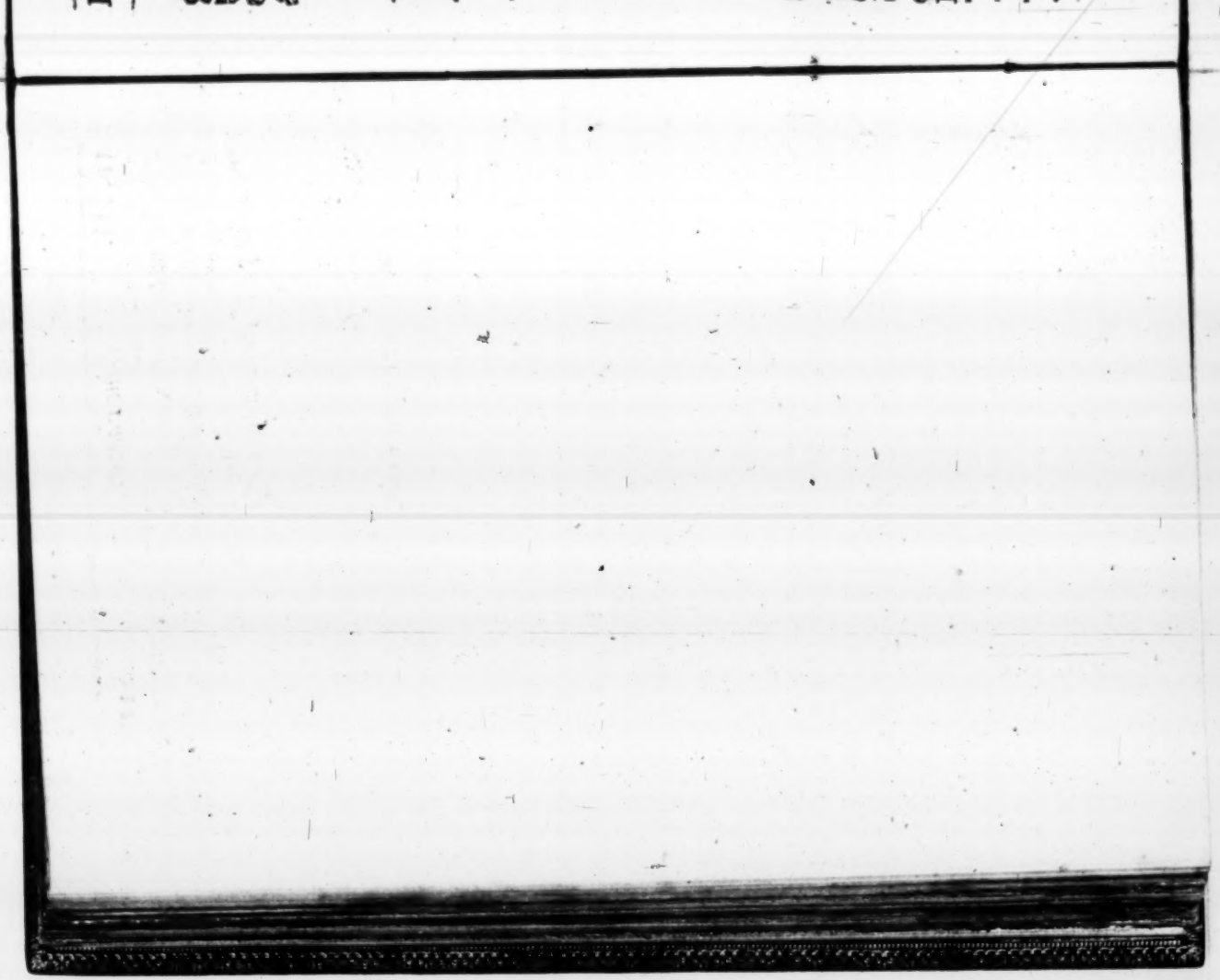
To my BOOKE.

HEre comes a Criticke; *Cloſe thy Page:*
Thou art no Subject *for this Age:*
And cenſure, oftentimes, yee know,
Will ſtrike the Dove, *and ſpare the* Crow:
But hold; Thy Guilt does not require
That thou ſhouldſt lurke, or yet retyre;
Be open as the Eye of Noone:
And let Dogs barke againſt the Moone:

Thou

Thou haſt no Luſter of thy owne,
But what's deriv'd from Heav'n alone:
Feare not: Thy Heav'n-inſtructed Page,
Will either pleaſe, *or* teach the *Age.*

The end of the ſecond *Booke.*



DIVINE FANCIES:

The third Booke.

1

On old Wine and new.

OLd crazy *Casks* are not deſignd
to hold
New-Wines; nor yet new Veſſels,
for the *Old*:
Old muſt, with *Old*; and *new*, with *new*, be filld:
Elſe will the veſſels *breake*, and Wine be *ſpilld*:
Theſe empty *Veſſels* are thy heart and mine;
The *Law* and *Goſpell* repreſents the Wine:
The new's the *Spirit*, and the old's the *Letter*;
With reverence to the Text, *The new's the better.*

2

On ZACHARIAS *and the bleſſed Virgin.*

HIs tongue requir'd a *Signe*, which might afford
A cleerer *Evidence*, then the Angels word;
And had it too: Vntill thoſe things ſhall come
To paſſe, his faithleſſe lips are ſtriken *dumb*:
Our bleſſed *Virgin*, at her *Salutation*,
Seemd ev'n as *faithles*, on the ſelfe ſame faſhion.
Her lips reply'd: *And how can theſe things be?*
Hard Iuſtice! why *he* puniſht, and not *ſhee?*
The Reaſon's eaſie to be riddl'd out;
Hers was the voyce of *Wonder*; His, of *doubt*:

3

On a Picture.

SOme *Pictures*, with a fore-right eye, if ſeene,
Preſent unto the view ſome beauteous *Queene*;
But ſtep aſide, and it objects the ſhape,
On this ſide, of an *Owle*; on that, an *Ape*:
Looke full upon the *World*, It proves the Story,
And beauteous *Picture* of th' Almighties Glory;
But if thy change of poſture lead thy ſight
From the full view, toth' *left hand*, or the *right*,
It offers to thine eye, but painted *Toyes*,
Poore *antick Pleaſures*, and *deceitfull Ioyes*.

Servio

4

On Servio.

Servio's in *Law*: If *Servio* cannot pay
His Lawyers *Fee*, *Servio* may loſe the *day*;
No wonder, formall *Servio* does trudge
So oft to Church: He goes to *Bribe* his Iudge.

5

On Peters *Cocke*.

The Cocke crow'd *once*, And *Peters* careleſs eare
Could heare it, but his eye not ſpend a teare:
The Cocke crow'd *twice*, *Peter* began to creepe
To th' Fyer ſide, but *Peter* could not weepe:
The Cock crow'd *thrice*: Our Saviour turnd about,
And look'd on *Peter*; Now his teares burſt out:
'Twas not the *Cock*; It was our Saviours *Eye*:
Till he ſhall give us *teares*, we cannot *crye*.

6

On Ambidexter.

God keepe my *Goods*, my *Name*, they never fall
Into the *Net* of *Ambidexters* Lawes;
But, for a *Cauſe*, he ſeldome prayes at all;
But curſes, evermore, without a *Cauſe*:
I'de rather have his *Curſes*, all the day,
Then give his Conſcience the leaſt cauſe to *pray*.

On Lazarus, the Damosell, and a sinner.

Laz'rus come forth? why could not *Laz'rus* plead,
I cannot come, great God, for I am dead:
Dam'sell arise? when *Death* had closd her eies,
What power had the *Damsell* to arise?
Sinner repent? Can we as dead, in sin,
As *Laz'rus*, or the *Damsell*, live agin?
Admitt we could; could we appoint the hower?
The *Voyce* that calls, gives, & gives then the power.

8

On Sin.

HOw, how am I deceiv'd! I thought my bed
Had entertaind a faire, a beauteous *Bride:*
O, how were my beleeving thoughts misled
To a false *Beauty*, lying by my side!
Sweet were her *Kisses*, full of choyce delight;
My Fancy found no differance in the *night:*
I thought they were true *Ioyes*, that thus had led
My darkned Soule, But they were false *Alarmes*;
I thought I'd had faire *Rachel* in my Bed,
But I had bleare-ey'd *Leah* in my armes:
How seeming sweet is *Sin*, whē cloathd with Night;
But, when discover'd, what a *loathd* delight!

Tis

9

On Repentance.

TIs not, to *Cry God mercy*, or to ſit
And droope; or to confeſſe, that thou haſt faild;
Tis, to bewaile the ſinns, thou didſt commit,
And not commit thoſe ſinns, thou haſt bewaild:
He that bewailes, and not forſakes them too,
Confeſſes, rather, what he meanes to doe.

10

On Man.

MAn is a mooving *Limbeck*, to diſtill
Sweet ſmelling *Waters*; wherewithall to fill
Gods empty *Bottle:* Lord doe thou inſpire
Thy quickning *ſpirit*; Put in thy ſacred *Fire*;
And then mine eyes ſhall never ceaſe to droppe,
Till they have brimd thy *Bottle:* to the Toppe:
I can doe nothing, Lord, till thou inſpire:
I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

11

On the pouring out of our hearts.

TIs eaſy to *poure in:* But few, I doubt,
Attaine that curious Art, of *pouring out:*
Som poure their hearts, like *oyle*; that there reſides
An unctious ſubſtance, ſtill, about the ſides:
Others, like *Wine*; which, though the *ſubſtance* paſſe,
Does leave a kinde of *ſavour* in the Glaſſe;

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Then mine eyes ſhall never ceaſe to droppe,
Till they have brimd thy *Bottle:* to the Toppe:
Till doe nothing, Lord, till thou inſpire:
Else cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

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Som poure their hearts, like *oyle*; that there reſides
An unctious ſubſtance, ſtill, about the ſides:
Others, like *Wine*; which, though the *ſubſtance* paſſe,
Does leave a kinde of *ſavour* in the Glaſſe;

Some pour their *hearts* like *Milk*, whose *hiew* distaines,
Though neither *Substance*, nor the *sent* remaines:
How shal we poure them, then; that *smel*, nor *matter*,
Nor *colour* stay? *Poure out your hearts like water.*

1

On Friends.

GOd shield me from those friends, I *trust*; & be
My firme defence from such, as *trust not* Thee.

13

On the Hypocrite.

HEe's like a *Bul-rush*; seems so smooth, that not
The eye of *Cato* can discry a knot:
Pill out the *Barke*, and strip his smoother skin,
And thou shalt find him spungie, all within:
His browes are alwayes ponderous as Lead,
He ever droopes, and hangs his *velvet* head:
He washes often; but, if thou enquire
Into his depth, his rootes are fixt in *myre.*

14

On SERVIO.

Servio would thrive; and therefore, do's obay
Gods Law, and shuts up *Shop* oth' Sabbath day:
Servio would prosper in his home affaires,
And therefore dares not misse his *Dyet-Prayres.*
Servio must put to *Sea*, and do's implore;
Toth' end, that he might safely come *ashore:*

Servio's

Servio's in Suit, and therefore must be tyed
To morning prayre, untill his *Cause* be tryed:
Servio begins to loath a Single life,
And therefore prayes for a high-portion'd *Wife:*
Servio would faine be thought religious too,
And therefore prayes as the *Religious* doe:
Servio still prayes for *Profit*, or *Applause*;
Servio will seldome pray, without a *Cause*.

15

On the Devils Master-Piece.

THis is the height the Devills *Art* can show,
To make man proud, because he is not so.

16

On our Saviours Fishing.

WHen as our blessed Saviour took in hand
To be a *Fisher*; Mark the rule he keepes;
He first puts off a little from the Land;
And, by degrees, he launcht into the *Deepes:*
By whose example, our *Men fishers* hold
The selfe same course; They do the same, *or should.*

17

On Mans greatest Enemy.

OF all those mortall enemies, that take part
Against my Peace, *Lord*, keep me frō my *Heart.*

Hee's

18

On the Hypocrite.

HEe's like a *Reed*, that alwaies does reſide,
Like a well planted *Tree*, by th' water ſide;
Hee beares no other fruit, but a vaine bragge
Of formall ſanctitie; A very *Flagge:*
Hee's round, and full of ſubſtance, to the ſhow;
But hollow hearted, if enquir'd into:
In *peacefull* ſeaſons, when the weather's faire,
Stands firme; but ſhakes, with every blaſt of *Aire.*

19

On the holy Scriptures.

WHy did our bleſſed Saviour pleaſe to breake
His ſacred thoughts in *Parables*; and ſpeake
In darke *Enigma's*? Who ſo ere thou be
That findſt them ſo, they were not ſpoke to Thee:
In what a caſe is he, that happs to run
Againſt a poſt, and cries, *How dark's the Sun?*
Or he, in Summer, that complaines of *Froſt?*
The Goſpell's hid to none, but who are loſt:
The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein, tis ſaid,
An Elephant ſhall *ſwim*; a Lambe may *wade.*

20

On Mans heart.

NAture preſents my heart in *Ore*;
Faire civill cariage *gilds* it o're;

Which

Which, when th'Almighty ſhall behold
With a pleas'd eye, he brings to *gold:*
Thus chang'd, the Temple *Ballance* weighs it;
If droſſe remaine, the *Touch* bewrayes it;
Affli&tions *Furnace*, then refines it;
Gods holy *Spirit* ſtamps and coynes it:
No *Coyne* ſo currant; it will goe
For the beſt *Wares*, that Heav'n can ſhow.

21

On Drunkenneſſe.

MOſt Sins, at leaſt, pleaſe *Senſe*; but this is treaſon
Not only 'gainſt the *crowne* of *Senſe*, but *Reaſon*.

22

On a Kiſſe.

ERe ſince our Bleſſed Saviour was betrayd
With a *Lip-Kiſſe*, his Vicar is affraid:
Frõ whence, perchance, this common uſe did grow,
To kiſſe his tother End: *I meane his Toe.*

23

On the Alchymiſt.

THe patient *Alchymiſt*, whoſe vaine deſire,
By Art, is to diſſemble natures *Fyre*,
Imployes his labour, to tranſmute the old,
And baſer *ſubſtance* into perfect *Gold:*
He laughs at unbeleevers, ſcornes and flouts
Illiterate *Counſell*; neither cares, nor doubts:

Vntill, at length, by his ingenious *Itch*,
Hee's brought moſt poore, in ſeeking to be rich:
Such is the *Civill man*; that by his even
And levell actions hopes to merit Heaven;
He thinks, by help of *Nature*, to acquire,
At leaſt to counterfeit the Sacred Fire
Of ſaving *Grace*, to purge and to refreſh
His baſe deſires, and change his *ſtone*, to *fleſh*:
He ſpurnes at Counſell; He derides and ierks
Thoſe whining Spirits that renounce their *works*;
Till, too much truſting to their doing well,
In ſeeking Heav'n, they find the flames of Hell.

24

On the ten Lepers.

TEn *Lepers* clenſed? And but one, of ten
Returne the *Clenſer* thanks? Vngratefull Men!
But *Ten* i'th' *Hundred*? 'That's a Gaine that we
Receive or Sue, yet oft deny it Thee.

25

On the laſt Epigram.

HOw, how, am I deceiv'd, that ſpeake to thee
Of *Intereſt*, when the purchaſe was in *Fee*!
Thou mad'ſt a cleane *Conveyance* to the Ten,
And ne're expect'd'ſt the *Principall* agen:
Lord, we muſt reckon by another *Rate*:
They gave not one yeares Purchaſe for th' *Eſtate*:
Lord, how we palter with thee! We pretend
A preſent Payment, till w'obtaine our *End*:

And

And then we crave, and crave a longer Day,
Then pay in *Driblets*, or elſe, never pay.

26

On the Boxe of Oyntment.

IT is no wonder, he, above the reſt,
Whom *thirty pieces* tempted to betray
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, profeſt
The *Boxe of Oyntment* was but caſt away:
He that dare *murther* at ſo ſmall a coſt,
May eas'ly thinke the charge in *Buriall*, loſt.

27

On MARY *and* IVDAS.

MAry did kiſſe him: *Iudas* kiſt him too,
But both their aymes were coverd in a *miſt*;
Both kiſſe our Saviour; but their kiſſes doe
Differ as farre, as did the *Parts* they kiſt:
There's danger ſtill, where double hearts do ſteale
The forme of *Love*, or weare the cloake of *Zeale*.

28

On our Saviour and his Vicar.

ME thinks thy *Vicar Gen'rall* beares the Keyes,
And executes thy *Place*, with greater eaſe,
And in one *Iubile*, enioyes more mirth,
Then thou, my dying Lord, didſt from thy Birth:
Alas: Thou hadſt not, wherewithall to fill
Thy craving ſtomack: He has *Cates* at will:

Thy empty Coffers had not to defray
Thy *Tribute charge:* To him Kings *Tribute* pay:
Foxes have holes; Thou hadſt not, whereupon
To reſt thy wakefull head: He ſnorts in *Downe:*
In ſhort; Thy life was nothing but the Story
Of *Poverty*; and his, of Princely *Glory:*
When tempting Sathan, would have giv'n thee all
The *wealth* and *glory* of the World, to fall
And worſhip him; at thy refuſall, Lord,
Thy Vicar tooke the *Tempter* at his word;
So came thy wants ſo great; ſo great his ſtore;
The Vicar ſo-ſo *rich*; the Lord, ſo *poore*.

29

On the great Prelate.

OVr Saviours *Feet* were kiſt: The people doe
The very ſame to thee, great *Prelate*, too;
O, who will ſeale but ſuch another *Kiſſe*
Vpon thy *Lips*, our Saviour had on his!

30

On Idolatry.

CAn common madnes find a thing, that's more
Repugnant to the very Lawes of *Nature*;
That the Creators *Image* ſhould adore
The ſenſleſſe Image of a ſenſuall *creature*!
If ſuch be Gods; if ſuch our helpers be,
O, what are Men! How more then Beaſts are we!

That

31

On the Tables of Stone.

THat ſtony *Table* could receive the print
Of thy iuſt *Lawes*; Thy *Lawes* were written in't:
It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon;
Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder then that *Stone*.

32

On Mans three Enemies.

THere's three, that with their fiery *Darts*, do level
Againſt my Soule; the *World*, the *fleſh*, the *Devil*:
Lord, give me patience, if not ſtrength; For there
Are *Three* t'afflict me; I'm but *One*, to beare.

33

On DINAH.

WHen *Dinahs* careles *Eye* was grown too laviſh
To entertaine, *Sechem* found time to *raviſh*:
It is no leſſe then ſilent invitation,
Although we ſcorne the Sin, to give th'occaſion:
Sure, *Dinahs* Reſolution was too ſtrong,
Or to *admit*, or not *reſiſt* a *Wrong*,
And ſcornes to ſtoope to the *Adult'rers* armes;
We often burne, intending but to warme's:
She went but out to ſee; Perchance, to heare
What *Luſt* could ſay: What harme to lend an eare?
Anothers Sin, ſometimes, procures our ſhames:
It ſtaines our Bodies; or, at leaſt, our Names.

34

On FIDO.

MArk, when the good man prospers with his *Plot*,
Hee's still envy'd; despis'd, if prosper not:
The Wicked have no *peace* with God; And, then,
How canst thou, *Fido*, look t'have *peace* with men?

35

On IACOB.

HOw *Iacob's* troop'd: *Laban* pursues with one
Great *Troope*; and *Esau* meets him with another.
Laban resolves to apprehend his Son:
Esau, to be reveng'd upon his Brother:
Me thinks I see how Iacob *stands supplide,*
Like Vertue, with a Vice on either side:
Laban pursues him, to regaine his *Gods*:
Esau, t'avenge his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing*:
What hope has *Iacob* now? 'Twixt both, 'tis ods,
There will be either *Death* or *Dispossessing*:
God takes delight to turne our helper, then,
When all our helps and hopes are past with men.
Laban encounters *Iacob*: He requires
His *Gods*: And *Esau's* neare at hand, by this:
Laban's appeas'd; and quencht are *Esaus* Fyres;
T'one leaves him; T'other meets him with a *Kisse*;
Iacob's in league with both: *The Soule that shall*
Have peace with God, has League and peace with all.

It

36

On Drunkennesse.

IT is a *Theife*; that, oft, before his face,
Steales *Man* away, and layes a *Beast* in's place.

37

On a Tenis-court.

MAn is a *Tenis court*: His Flesh, the *Wall*:
The Gamsters *God*, & *Sathan*. Th'heart's the *Ball*:
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are
Too bold *Presumption*, and too base *Despaire*:
The *Rackets*, which our restlesse *Balls* make flye,
Adversity, and sweet *Prosperity*:
The Angels keepe the *Court*, and marke the place,
Where the *Ball* fals, and chaulks out ev'ry *Chace*:
The *Line's* a Civill life, we often crosse,
Ore which, the *Ball* not flying, makes a *Losse*:
Detractors are like *Standers-by*, that bett
With Charitable men: Our *Life's* the *Sett*:
Lord, In this *Conflict*, in these fierce *Assaults*,
Laborious *Sathan* makes a world of *Faults*;
Forgive them Lord, although he nere implore
For favour: They'l be set upon our *score*:
O, take the *Ball*, before it come toth' ground,
For this base *Court* has many a *false Rebound*:
Strike, and strike hard, but strike above the *Line*;
Strike where thou please, so as the *Sett* be thine.

Abel

38

On ABELS *Blood.*

ABel was ſilent: But his *Blood* was ſtrong,
Each drop of guiltles *blood* commands a tongue;
A tongue, that *cryes*; 'Tis not a tongue, implores
For *gentle Audience*, 'Tis a tongue that rores
For hideous *Vengeance*: 'Tis a tongue that's bold
And full of *Courage*, and that cannot hold:
O, what a noyſe my Bleſſed Saviours *Blood*
Makes now in heav'n! how ſtrong it cries! how loud!
But not for *Vengeance*: From his ſide, has ſprung
A world of *drops*; From ev'ry drop, a *Tongue*.

39

On the Memory.

DOes thy corrected Frailty ſtill complaine
Of thy diſloyall *Mem'ry*? do'ſt retaine
Nothing that's Good? And is the better part
Of what thou hear'ſt, before it warme thy heart,
Snatcht from thy falſe *Remembrance*? Is the moſt
Of what th'inſpired *Prophets* tell thee, loſt
In thy unhoſpitable eares? And not
To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?
Feare not: Thou haſt a *Chanc'lour* in thy Breſt,
That keepes th'*Exchequer*, and hoards up the leaſt,
The *pooreſt Summe*: No, no, thou needſt not feare;
There's nothing will be loſt, that's taken there:
Think'ſt thou, that thou haſt loſt that piece of *Gold*,
That's dropt into a fairer *Heape*, untold?

Or

Or canſt thou judge that *Fier*, clos'd about
With rak'd up *Embers*, 'cauſe not ſeene, is out?
Gold, loſt in greater *ſummes*, is ſtill thine owne;
And rak'd up *Embers* will, in time, be blowne (loſt,
To *Flames*: Beleeve't, the *Words* thine eares have
Thy *heart* wil find, when thou ſhalt need *them* moſt.

40

On the Babel-Builders.

SVre, if thoſe *Babel-Builders* had thought good
To raiſe their heav'n-high *Towre* before the *flood*,
The wiſer ſort of people might deride
Their *Folly*, and that Folly had ſalv'd their *Pride*;
Or had their *Faiths* but enterpriz'd that *Plott*,
Their *hearts* had finiſht what their *hands* could not;
'Twas not for love of Heav'n: nor did they ayme
So much to rayſe a *Building*; as a *Name*:
They that by *Works* ſhall ſeeke to make intruſion
To Heav'n, find nothing but their owne *Confuſion*.

41

On ESAV *and* IACOB.

ESau goes forth; ſtrives, with his owne diſquiet,
To purchaſe *Ven'ſon* for his fathers Diet:
Iacob abides at home; and, by his *Mother*,
Is taught the way, how to ſupplant his brother:
There's ſome that hunt, like *Eſau*, ſweat and toyle,
And ſeeke their *Bleſſing* by their owne *Turmoyle*;
Whilſt others crave aſſiſtance, and bewray
Their wiſer *weakenes*; in a ſafer *Way*:

O, if the Church my *Mother* will inſtruct me;
Make *ſavory Meate*, and cloath me, then conduct me
Into my Fathers *Armes*, theſe hands ſhall never
Truſt to the pooreneſſe of their owne *Endevor*:
Bring I a *Kid* but of my *Mothers* dreſſing,
I will pleaſe my *Father*, and procure my *Bleſſing*.

42

On ſeverall Sinnes

Groſſe Sinne

IS like a *Show'r*, which ere we can get in,
Into our Conſcience, wets us to the skin:

Sin of Infirmity

IS like the falling of an *April Shower*;
'Tis often *Raine*, and *Sun-ſhine*, in an hower.

Sin of Cuſtome

IS a long *Showre*, beginning with the Light,
Oft-times continuing till the *Dead of night*.

Sin of Ignorance

IT is a hideous *Miſt*, that wetts amaine,
Though it appeare not in the forme of *Raine*.

It

Crying Sin

IT is a ſudden *Showre*, that teares in ſunder
The *Cope* of *Heav'n*, & alway comes with *Thunder*.

Sin of Delight

IS like a *fethered Showre of Snow*, not felt,
But ſoakes toth' very skin, when ere it melt:

Sin of Preſumption

DOes like a *Showre* of *Hayle*, both wet and wound
With ſudden Death: or ſtrikes us to the *Ground*.

The Sin of Sinnes

IT is a *ſulph'rous Shower*, ſuch as fell
On *Sodom*, ſtrikes, and ſtrikes toth' *Pit of Hell*.

43

On theſe Showers.

GOod God! what *Weather's* here! Theſe ſoules (of our
Have ſtill the luck to trauell in a *Shower*:
Lord, we are cold and pitifully drencht;
Not a dry thrid; And all our *Fyer's* quencht:

Our very Blood is cold: Our trembling knees
Are mutuall *Andvils*; Lord, we ſtand and freeze:
Alas we find ſmall comfort from the *Eye*
Of Heav'n; Theſe ſhowring *clouds*, our *ſins*, doe flye
Betwixt the *Sun* and us: Wee dry no more,
Then if the *Sun* had giv'n his office o're:
Nay Lord; if now and then thoſe *Beames* do chance
To breake upon's, and lend a feeble glaunce
Upon our reeking *ſoules*, ere we begin
To feele the warmth, w'are dous'd & drencht agin:
In what a caſe are we! Our nightly *damps*
And daily *ſtorms*, have fild our Soules with *Cramps*,
With wav'ring *Palſeyes*, and our hoarſer tongues
Can doe thee ſervice, nor in *Prayres*, nor *Songs*:
Our Zeales are *Aguiſh*; hot and cold: They be
Extreamly hot toth' *World*; as cold to *Thee*?
Our Blood has got a *Fever*: Lord, it muſt
Be ſet on fire with every wanton *Luſt*: (not
What worlds of Miſchiefs are there, that prevaile
Vpon our fainting Soules? What is't we ayle not,
That Wet and Cold can bring? Yet have no power
To keepe us in, but dable in the *Shower*:
Shine forth, bright *Sun* of glory; Be as feirce,
As theſe eclipſing *Clouds* are blacke; Diſperſe
And clear them with thy ſtronger beams, that thus
Dare interpoſe betwixt thy Glory and us:
Reflect on my diſtempered Soule; Refine
This vap'rous *Earth*, this ſinfull Fleſh of mine,
That, tho ſome *Drops* muſt fall, I may have power,
Shelter'd by thee, t'avoyd the down-right *Shower*;
O let my dabled *Spirit* ſtill retyre
To thee, and warme her by thy Sacred *Fyre*;

That

That having ravill'd out ſome weary howers,
She may arrive where's neither *Clouds* nor *Showers*.

44

On Dives *and* Lazarvs.

Did ever *Iudge* more equally proceed
To puniſh *Sin?* ſo right in kind, and nature?
Poore *Laz'rus* was refus'd a *Crum* of Bread;
And *Dives* was deny'd a *Drop* of Water:
Children are oftentimes ſo like the Mother,
That men may eas'ly know the one, by th'other.

45

On two Suitors.

THe *Soule* is like a *Virgin*; for whoſe Love
Two jealous *Suitors* ſtrive: Both daily move
For Nuptiall favour; Both, with Lovers Art,
Plead for the Conqueſt of the Virgins *heart:*
The firſt, approaching, knockt, and knockt agin;
The *Doore* being op'ned, at his entring in,
He bluſhd; and (as young baſhfull Lovers uſe)
Is more then halfe diſcouraged, ere he ſues:
At length, that love, that taught him what to feare,
Gave reſolution to preſent her eare
With what he hop'd, and in a lovers faſhion,
He oft repeats the Story of his *Paſſion:*
He vowes his *Faith*, and the ſincere perfection
Of undiſſembled, and entyre *Affection*;
He ſues for equall mercy from her Eye;
And muſt have love, or elſe, for love, muſt dye:

His preſent means were ſhort: He made profeſſion
Of a faire *Ioynture*, though but ſmall *poſſeſſion*:
And in a word, to make his *paſſion* good,
He offers to deſerve her with his Blood:
The other boldly enters: with the ſtrong
And ſweet-lip'd *Eeth'ricke* of a Courtly tongue,
Salutes her gentle eares: His lips diſcover
The amorous language of a wanton *Lover*:
He ſmiles and faunes, and now and then lets flye
Imperious *glaunces* from his ſparkling Eye;
Bribes her more *orient Neck* with *pearl*; with *charms*
-Encloſing *Bracelets* decks her yvory *Armes*;
He boaſts th'extent of his Imperiall Power,
And offers Wealth and Glory for a *Dower*:
Betwixt them both, the Virgin ſtands perplext;
The firſt Tale pleas'd her well, untill the next
Was told: She lik'd the one, the other: Loth
To make a choyce: She could affect them *Both*:
The one was Iocund, full of ſprightly mirth:
The other, better borne; of nobler birth:
The ſecond ſu'de in a compleater faſhion;
I, but the firſt ſhow'd deeper wounds of Paſſion:
The firſt was ſadly modeſt: And the laſt
More rudely pleaſant: His faire lookes did caſt
More am'rous flames; But yet the tothers eye
Did promiſe greater Nuptiall *Loyalty*:
The laſt's more rich; yet Riches, but for life,
Make a poore *Widow*, of a happy *Wife*:
The firſt's *Eſtate's* but ſmall, if not made good
By Death: Faire *Ioyntures* comfort *Widow-hood*:
Whō ſhal this *Virgin* chuſe? Her thoughts approve
The laſt, for preſent *wealth*; the firſt, for *love*:

Both

Both may not be enjoy'd: Her heart muſt ſmother
Her love to *one*, if ſhe affect the *other*:
Ah, ſilly *Virgin*, Is the choyce ſo hard
In two extreames? Can thy weak thoughts reward
Two ſo unequall, with a like Reſpect?
Knowſt thou not which to ſlight, & which t'affect?
Submit to better Iudgement, and adviſe
With thy beſt *Friend*: O truſt not thine owne eyes:
This *laſt*, that ſeemes ſo pleaſant, ſo acute,
Is but a *Slave*, dreſt in his Lords old *Suite*:
He brags of *Glory*, and of Princely Power,
When he is kickt and baffled every hower:
The *Treaſure* that he boaſts is not his owne,
He baſely ſtole it, and the *Theft* is knowne;
For which, he is *arraign'd*, condemn'd toth' paines
Of *death*; His ſentence is, to hang in *Chaines*:
His plott's to bring thee in as deepe as He;
Beleeve't; It is thy *Blood* he ſeekes, not *Thee*:
The *Bribes* he gave thee, are but ſtolne: Fond *Girle*,
Diſcard thoſe *Bracelets*, and diſclaime that *Pearle*:
The *firſt*, whoſe oft-repeated knocks did crave
Admittance, was the Lord to that baſe *ſlave*:
His *Faith* is loyall, and as firme his *Vow*:
To him, his life's not halfe ſo deare, as thou:
That *wealth*, that *honour*, that diſſembled *power*,
That pleaſant *Peſant* offer'd as a *Dower*,
Is that faire Lords: Nor *peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*
Can any challenge from him, but by ſtealth:
Match there, my Soule, and let thy ſacred Vowes
Plight holy Contracts with ſo ſweet a Spouſe:
His left hand's full of *treaſure*; and his right,
Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknowne *delight*:

Hee'l

Hee'l give thee *wealth*; and in that *wealth*, *content*,
For preſent means; And (when thy *Glaſſe* has ſpent
Her lateſt Sand, that Time untranſitory
Thy dayes) a Ioynture of *Eternall Glory*.

46

On the old and new Garment.

New Garments being brought, who is't that wold
Not ſcorne to live a Priſ'ner to the *Old*?
Yet though our bounteous Saviour, at his coſt,
Preſents us *new*, we love the *old ones* moſt:
Alas, they pinch us! O, they ſit too ſtrait!
They are too comberſome! too great a waight!
No, no; the *old* were too too light, too great;
So we have eaſe, we care not to be neat:
Like tyred lades, our better wils repayre
To a ſoule *Stable*, then t'a *Rode* that's faire.

47

On Mans co-operation.

We are not *Blocks*: We muſt expect the *Call*;
And, being cal'd, muſt *move*, and *riſe* withall:
The *Voyce* were needleſſe, and as good be dumb,
As, with the *Call*, not give the *pow'r* to come:
Deſerves he food, that thinkes it vaine to gape?
Chriſt takes his Spouſe by *Contract*, not by *Rape*.

The

48

On the old and new Tables.

THe former *Tables* of the Law were broken,
And left no Monuments of themſelves, no token,
No Signe that ever ſuch things were: But marke,
The *later* were kept holy in the *Arke*:
Thoſe Tables are our *Hearts*. Can we be bold
To looke for *new*, and yet not breake the *old*?
Or can the ruines of the old find place
In th'Arke of *Glory*, not repayr'd by *Grace*?
Diſmount, O bleſſed *Moſes*, and renew
Thoſe *Tables* thou haſt broken, or make *new*.

49

On a Crucifixe.

WHy not the *Picture* of our dying Lord,
As of a Friend? Nor *this*, nor *that's* ador'd:
Does not th'eternall Law command, that thou
Shalt ev'n as well forbeare to make, as bow?
Not to ſo good an *end*? T'advance his *paſſion*?
The *Gold* being *pure*, what matter for the *Faſhion*?
Take heed: The pureſt gold does often take
Some loſſe, ſome prejudice, for the faſhion ſake:
Not to a *Civill end*? To garniſh *Halls*?
To deck our *windowes*? To adorne our *Walls*?
Shew-bread muſt not be common: And the Cruſe
Of holy Oyle admits no Civill vſe:
No, no; the beauty of his *Picture* lies
Within; Tis th'object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.

50

On praying to Saints.

NOt pray to *Saints?* Is not the *Warrant* ample,
If *back't* with *Scripture? strengthen'd* with *example?*
Did not that ſweltring *Dives* make *complaint*
For water? was not *Abraham* a *Saint?*
Why ſhould reformed *Churches* then forbid it?
Tis true: But tell me; What was *He*, that did it?

51

On Confeſſion.

EXperience tels, That *Agues* are about
To weare away, when as our *Lips* breake out:
In Spirituall *Fevers*, there's the ſame expreſſion
Of Health, when Lips breake forth into *Confeſſion*:
But mark: Theſe hopefull *Symptomes* never doe
Confirme the Ague *gone*, but *faire to goe*:
They doe not alwayes worke, what they portend;
Confeſſion profits not, unleſſe we mend.

52

On SOLOMONS *Rejoyce.*

YOung-man Rejoyce: What jolly mirth is heere?
Let thy heart cheare thee: What delicious Cheare?
In thy young dayes: Thy Cates will reliſh ſweeter:
Walk thy own wayes: Thy Cares wil paſſe the fleeter:
Pleaſe thine own heart: Carve where it likes thee beſt:
Delight thine eyes: And be a Ioyfull Gueſt:

But

But know withall, The Day will come, whereon
Thy Iudge will doome thee for the deeds th'aſt done:
O what a *Feaſt!* O what a *Reckning's* here!
The *Cates* are ſweet; The *Shot's* extreamly deare:
Lord, I haue been, and am a dayly *Gueſt*
(Too oft invited) at the *Ruling-mans* Feaſt:
The *Reckning's* great; Although I cannot pay,
I can *confeſſe*; Great God, before this Day,
I had been dragd to the redeemleſſe *Iayle*,
Had'ſt thou not pleas'd t'accept my Saviours *Baile*;
Lord, he muſt bear't I doubt: For I can get
Nor *Coyne* to pay, nor labour out the *Debt:*
I cannot *digge*, my Ioynts are ſtarke and lame,
But I can *begge*, although I beg with ſhame;
I haue no *Grace* in begging; can receiue
The firſt *repulſe:* I haue no *Faith*, to crave:
If th'Entertainments of the *Feaſt* be theſe;
Lord give me *Famine*; Take the *Feaſt* that pleaſe.

53

On Bread.

TAke up that bitt of *Bread:* And underſtand,
What 'tis thou holdeſt in thy careleſſe hand:
Obſerve it with thy thoughts, and it will reade thee,
An uſefull Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee;
We ſtirre our *Lands*, or give directions how;
But God muſt ſend a ſeaſon for the *Plough:*
We ſowe our *Seede*; But ſowe our ſeed in vaine,
If Heav'n deny the firſt, the later *Raine*; (ceaſe
Small proofe in *Showrs*, if heavn's pleas'd hand ſhall
To bleſs thoſe Showrs, nor crown thē with *encreaſe:*

The tender *Blades* appeare, before thine eye,
But, *unrefreſht* by heav'n, as ſoone they dye:
The infant *Eares* ſhoot forth, and now begin
To corne: But God muſt hold his *Mildewes* in:
The *Harveſt's* come: But Clouds conſpire together
Hands cannot work, til heav'n ſhal clear the *wether*:
At length 'tis reap'd: Between the *Barne* and *Furrow*
How many Offices poore Man runs thorow!
Now God has done his part: The reſt we ſhare
To Man: His providence takes now the care:
No; yet it is not ours: The uſe alone,
Not bare poſſeſſion, makes the thing our owne:
Thy ſwelling *Barnes* have crownd thy full deſire;
But heav'n, when Mows ſhold *ſweat*, can make them (*fire*;
I, but the *Sheaves* are thraſht, & the heap lies
In thy full *Garnier*: He that ſent the *Flyes*
To *Pharoes* Court, can, with as great an eaſe,
Send thee more waſtfull *vermin*, if he pleaſe:
Perchance 'tis grouded, kneded: And what though
Gods *Curſe* is often temper'd with the *Dough*;
Beleeve't the fruits of all thy toyle, is *mine*,
Vntill they be enjoy'd, as much as *thine*:
But now t'has fed thee: Is thy ſoule at reſt?
Perchance, thy ſtomacks dainty to digeſt:
No, if heav'ns following favour do not laſt
From the firſt *Furrow* to the very *Taſt*,
Thy labour's loſt: The *Bread* of all thy travill,
Without that bleſſing, feeds no more then *Gravill*:
Now waſtfull Man, thou mayſt repoſe againe
That Modell of Gods *Prov'dence* and thy *paine*;
That bitt of *Bread*; And if thy Dogg ſhold fawne
Vpon thy lappe, let not ſo deare a Pawne

Of

Of greater plenty be contemn'd and loſt;
Remember *how* it came, and *what* it coſt.

54

On Faith and Reaſon.

TRue *Faith* and *Reaſon*, are the Soules two *Eyes*:
Faith evermore lookes upward, and diſcryes
Objects remote; but *Reaſon* can diſcover
Things onely neere; ſees nothing that's above her;
They are not *Matches*; Often diſagree;
And ſometimes both are clos'd, and neither ſee:
Faith viewes the *Sun*; and *Reaſon*, but the *ſhade*;
T'one courts the *Miſtreſſe*; t'other wooes the *Maide*:
That ſees the *Fire*; This, only but the *Flint*;
The true-bred Chriſtian alwayes lookes aſquint.

55

On Carnall Mirth.

WHo ſeeks to quench by help of *Carnall* friends,
Thoſe fiery *Errants* that the Conſcience ſends,
Redeemes his *Peace*, but with a further *ſpoyle*;
Drinks in a *Fever*: quenches Fyre with *Oyle*.
Lord, if thou ſtrike my *Conſcience*; and that, *Me*:
I will expect, and truſt no Friend, but *Thee*.

56

On Prayer.

Prayre's like a *Vapour* fum'd from earth; that flyes
To th' *Gates* of Heav'n: It never rotts ith' Skyes:
If *Faith* and *it* be joyn'd, it will obtaine,
And melt into a first and later *Raine*;
If *Faith* forsake her, and they part in sunder,
It falls in *Thunderbolts*; at least, in *Thunder*.

57

On ANNA.

WHat faithfull *Anna* by her Teares had done
Deserv'd the double duty of a Son:
She was a *double* Parent; pleas'd to doe
A double Office; *bore*, and *got* him too:
Thus *Samuel* was (It was lesse strange then rare)
Borne of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayre*.

58

On a Gift.

NO *losse* to give to thee: The gift is more
Our *owne*, being giv'n, great God; then 'twas (before.

If

59

On my ſelfe.

IF Righteous *Ely* was not vengeance-free,
How ſhall I ſcape! He was a Saint, to me:
Nay, Lord, how would my heart & comfort faile,
If I ſhould weigh thy Mercies in our *Scale!*

60

On Iuſtification and Sanctification.

LOrd, thou haſt promis'd, *in* and *for* thy Chriſt,
To *ſanctifie* where ere thou *Iuſtifi'ſt:*
Lord, all my Evils are *Iuſtifi'd* in Thee;
Lord, let thoſe Evils be *ſanctifide* to me.

61

On Mans Love.

WHen think we, *Lord*, on thee! & when we do,
How feeble are our thoughts, & ſinfull too!
How baſely doe our crooked Soules engage
Themſelves to heav'n? We make thy Glory, *Page*
To our Salvation: Mans more ſervile heart
Loves what he'd *have* thee, *Lord*, not what thou *art:*
This is the very beſt of Man; wherein
W'are apt to think we *merit* more then *Sin.*
But, there's a baſer *Love:* Our cheife reſpects
Have meere relation to our owne *Defects*;
Like Dogs we fawne upon our Maſters *Lapps*,
With dirty feet, and only love for *Scrapps:*

But

But there's a baſer yet: We love for *feare*,
Finding, like *Kain*, more then we can beare,
And, were it not for ſhame, our hearts would be
As warme to *Sathan*, as, great God, to *Thee*:
But there's a baſer yet: And baſer none:
We love thee, to be lov'd of man alone:
We force a *Zeale*; uſurp the name of *Pure*;
That we may ſin more *cloſely*, more *ſecure*,
Wee love thee only to abuſe thee, juſt
As Whores love Husbands, but to cloke their luſt:
How art thou martyr'd in our luſtfull Fyres!
How made a *Stale* to catch our *wilde* deſires!
Lord, I will love as farre as lyes in me,
Thee for thy *ſelfe*, and all things elſe in *Thee*.

62

On filiall love and ſervile.

THey'r not alike, although alike appeare:
I'one feares for *love*: The other loves for *Feare*.

63

On Grapes.

IT is receiv'd, That *ſeed* of Grapes being ſowne,
Brings forth *degenerate* Cluſters, or elſe *none*:
But Stocks being *grafted* prove a *fruitfull* Vine,
Whoſe pleaſing *Berries* yeeld a generous wine;
We are thy *Vineyard*, Lord; Theſe Grapes of our,
By *Nature*, are degenerous and ſower;
But if thou pleaſe to *graft* us, we ſhall beare
Delicious fruit; which being preſt, ſhall cheare

The

The hearts of *Angels*, and that bleſſed *Trine*
Of perfect glory with their ſprightly *Wine*.

64

On Ioy and Griefe.

LOrd, if my *Griefes* were not oppos'd with *Ioy*
They would deſtroy:
And if my *Mirth* were not allayd with *Sadneſſe*,
It would be Madneſſe:
While *this*, with *that*; or *that*, with *this* contends
They're both my *Friends*;
But when theſe happy *Warres* doe chance to ceaſe,
I have no peace:
The more my earthly *Paſſions* doe conteſt,
The more my heavenly *Affections* are at reſt.

65

On Doves and Serpents.

WE muſt have *Doves* and *Serpents* in our heart,
But how they muſt be marſhal'd, there's the *Art*;
They muſt agree, and not be farre aſunder;
The *Dove* muſt hold the wily *Serpent* under;
Their natures teach what places they muſt keepe,
The Dove can *flye*; the Serpent onely *creepe*.

66

On Chriſt and our ſelves.

I Wiſh a greater knowledge, then t'attaine
The knowledge of *my ſelfe*: A greater Gaine

Then to augment *my ſelfe*; A greater Treaſure
Then to enjoy *my ſelfe*; A greater Pleaſure
Then to content *my ſelfe*: How ſlight, and vaine
Is all ſelfe-Knowledge, Pleaſure, Treaſure, Gaine;
Vnleſſe my better knowledge could retrive
My Chriſt; unles my better Gaine could thrive
In Chriſt; unles my better Wealth grow rich
In Chriſt; unles my better Pleaſure pitch
On Chriſt; Or elſe my Knowledge will proclaime
To my owne heart how ignorant I am:
Or elſe my Gaine, ſo ill improv'd, will ſhame;
My Trade, and ſhew how much declin'd I am
Or elſe my Treaſure will but blurre my name
With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poore I am;
Or elſe my Pleaſures, that ſo much *inflame*
My Thoughts, will blabb how full of ſores I am:
Lord, keepe me from *my Selfe*; 'Tis beſt for me,
Never to owne my *Selfe*, if not in *Thee*.

67

On Man.

AT our Creation, but the *Word* was ſaid,
And we were made:
No ſooner were, but our falſe hearts did ſwell
With *Pride*, and fell:
How ſlight is Man! At what an eaſie coſt
Hee's *made* and *loſt*!

We

68

On Death.

WE all are going to the ſelſe ſame *Place*,
We only differ in our *Way*, our *Paſe*:
One treads the *common Roade* of Age: Another
Travels, directed by the hand of's *Brother*:
Some croſſe the *Waves*, perchance the neerer way;
Some by the winged *Shaft* that flyes by Day;
Some ride on *Feavers*; others beat the hooſe,
With horſes in their hands, and make a prooſe
Of their owne *ſtrength*; Others more fairely paſe
On *beds of Downe*; ſome ride a ſpeedy race
On hot-mouthd *Surfeits*, emulous for the *Cup*:
Some hotly mounted fiercely gallop up-
On ſpurgal'd *Broyles*, whoſe Frantick motions ſend
Their haſty ſpirits to their *Iourneyes end*:
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of *Treaſure*;
Others falſe-gallop on the backs of *Pleaſure*:
All Iourney forwards to the ſelſe-ſame Place;
Some, the next way; and ſome, the faſter pace:
All poſt an end; till beaten out of *Breath*,
They all arrive at the great *gates* of Death;
Lord, in this *common Rode*, I doe not care
What paſe I travell, ſo my *Way* be faire.

69

On the life of Man.

OVr Life is nothing but a *Winters Day*;
Some onely breake their *Faſts*, and ſo, away:

Others ſtay *Dinner*, and depart full fed;
The deepeſt Age but *ſupps*, and goes to bed:
Hee's moſt in debt, that lingers out the *Day*;
Who dyes betimes, has leſſe; and leſſe to pay.

70

On Gods Image.

IT was a *dainty Piece!* In every part,
Drawne to the Life, and full of curious Art:
It was as like thee as a *ſhadow* could
Be like a *ſubſtance*; There was none but would
Have known thee by't: There needed then no name;
No golden *Characters*, that might proclaime
Whoſe *Picture* t'was: The Art was ſo divine
That very Beaſts did reverence it, as thine:
But now, alas, 'tis blurr'd: The beſt that we
Or they can judge, is this, 'Twas made for thee:
Alas 'tis faded, ſoyl'd with hourely duſt,
Sullyed, and ſhadow'd with the ſmoke of *Luſt*;
So ſwarthy as if that glorious face of thine
Were tawnyed underneath the *torrid Line:*
How is thy *Picture* altred! How ill us'd
By our neglects! How ſlubberd! How abus'd!
Her Cedar *Frame's* diſioynted, warp'd and broke;
Her curious *Tablet's* tainted with the ſmoke:
The Object's both offenſive, and the ſavor;
Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor thy *Favour:*
Lord, let not thy diſpleaſed eye forſake
Thy *handy-worke*; for the bad keepers ſake:
Behold it ſtill; and what thou ſeeſt amiſſe,
Paſſe by: Thinke what it was; not what it is:

What

What though her beauty, and her colours fade?
Remember; O, 'twas like thee when 'twas made.
There is a great *Apelles* that can lim
With thy owne *Pencill*; we have ſought to *Him*:
His skilfull hand will waſh off all the ſoyle,
And cleanſe thy Picture with his ſacred Oyle:
Hee'l mak't more faire then 'twas; at leaſt, the ſame;
Hee'l mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*:
Till then; be pleas'd to let thy Picture be
Acknowledg'd *thine*: 'Twas made for none but *Thee*.

71

On the Penny.

HE that endur'd the Tyranny of *Heate*;
The *Morning*-ſorrowes, and the *Midday*-ſweat;
The *Evening*-toyle, and *burthen* of the *Day*,
Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:
Others, that loyter'd all the *Morning*; ſtood
Ith' idle *Market*, whoſe unpractis'd blood
Scarſe felt the warmth of labour, nor could ſhow
A *bluſh* of Action, had his *Penny* too.
What *Wages* can we merit, as our owne?
Slaves that are *bought* with *price*, can challeng none,
But onely *Stripes*: Alas, if Servants could
Doe more, then bid, they do but what they ſhould;
When man endeavours, and where heav'n engages
Himſelfe by promiſe, they are *Gifts*, not *Wages*,
He muſt expect: We muſt not looke *t'obtaine*
Becauſe we *Run*; Nor doe we *run* in vaine:
Our Running ſhowes th'effect, produces none:
The *Penny's* giv'n alike to every one,

That works ith'*Vineyard:* Equall *price* was ſhar'd
T'unequall *workers:* Therefore no *Reward:*
Lord, ſet my hands a *worke:* I will not ſerve
For *Wages*, leſt thou give what I *deſerve.*

72

On a Chriſtian.

THe Generous *Chriſtian* muſt as well improve
Ith' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;
He muſt be *Innocent*; affraid, to doe
A wrong; And *crafty*, to prevent it too:
They muſt be mixt, and temper'd with true love;
An *Ounce* of Serpent, ſerves a Pound of Dove.

73

On Gods Bountie.

GOd freely gives; as freely we receive;
It is not, *Doe*; but *Aſk, and thou ſhalt have.*

74

On Sinnes.

MY Sinnes are like to *Mountaines*, that ariſe
Above the *Clouds*, & threat the *threatning skyes:*
Lord, give me *Faith*; and let that Faith be prov'd,
In leaving not a *Mountaine* unremoov'd.

75

On the life of Man.

A *Thouſand* yeares, with God (the Scriptures ſay)
Are reckon'd but a *Day*;
By which accompt, this meaſur'd Life of our
Exceeds not much an *howre*;
The *halfe* whereof Nature does claime and keepe
As her owne debt for ſleepe:
A full *ſixt part* or what remaines, we ryot
In more then needfull Dyet:
Our *Infancy*, our *Child-hood*, and the moſt
Of our *greene youth* is loſt:
The *little* that is left, we thus divide;
One *part* to cloathe our Pride;
An other Share we laviſhly deboyſe
To *vaine*, or *ſinfull* Ioyes;
If then, at moſt, the meaſur'd life of Man
Be counted but a *Span*,
Being half'd and quarter'd, and diſquarter'd thus,
What, what remaines for us?
Lord, if the *Totall* of our dayes doe come
To ſo-ſo poore a *ſumme*;
And if our ſhares ſo ſmall, ſo nothing be,
Out of that *Nothing*, what remaines to *Thee?*

76

On the Childrens Bread.

THy ſtrengthning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,
Which maks thy *thriving Children* ſtrong & able;

Honour,

Honour, and Riches are the *Crumms* that feed
The *Doggs* that lurk beneath their *Maſters* Table:
Lord, if thy gracious pleaſure will allow
But *Bread*, I'm ſure, I ſhall have *Crums* enow.

77

On Truſt and Care.

OVr *Truſt* in God, for Riches, neither muſt
Exclude our Care; nor Care *exceed* our Truſt.

78

On Rvscvs.

ILliterate *Ruſcus* heard *Pedantius* preach;
Admir'd the *Church-mans* learning, & cõmended
Such things alone, that were above his Reach;
But meanly ſlighted what he apprehended:
What hinders then to thinke that *Ruſcus* hath
At leaſt the twi-light of a *Baſtard Faith?*

79

On the receiving of the Lords Supper.

MEn take the Sacred *Seales* of their Salvation,
As ſome doe Phyſick, not for *health*, but *faſhion*;
The Day preceding, and the following Day,
There's none ſo ſtrict; none ſo reformd as they:
They curb the fury of their wanton *Ryot*,
And call their Surfeits to a ſtricter *Dyet*:
The Time expyr'd, the firſt Aſſault that happs,
Prevailes, and ſtrikes them to a worſe *Relaps*;

Like

Like Doggs to *vomits* they returne agin,
As though th'ad paſt a *Patent* now to ſin:
Let ſuch *Day-Chriſtians*, on the very toppe
Of all their mirth, remember *Iudas Soppe*.

80

On Faith.

TH'oſt ſhaken *Tree* growes faſter at the root;
And *faith's* moſt firm, that's ſomtimes vrg'd with *Doubt*.

81

On the Story of Man.

THe *word* was ſpoke; And what was *Nothing*, muſt
Be made a *Chaos* of confuſed *Duſt*:
The *word* was ſpoke; The *Duſt* began to thicken
To a firme Clay: The *Clay* began to quicken;
The groſſer ſubſtance of that *Clay* thought good
To turne to *Fleſh*; The moyſter turn'd to *Blood*;
Received *Organs*; and thoſe Organs, *Senſe*;
It was imbelliſht with the Excellence
Of *Reaſon*: It became the *Height* of Nature,
Be'ing *ſtampt* with th'Image of the great Creator:
But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defac'd;
Her Beauty's *blaſted*, and her Tablet's *raz'd*:
This Height of nature has committed *Treaſon*
Againſt it ſelfe; Declin'd both *Senſe* and *Reaſon*;
Meere *Fleſh* and *Blood*, containing but a *Day*
Of painted Pleaſure, and but *breathing Clay*;

Whose Moysture, dry'd with his own sorrow, must
Resolve, and leave him to his former *Dust*;
Which Dust, the utter object of our loathing,
Small time consumes, & brings to his first *Nothing*:
Thus, from this *Nothing*, from this *Dust*, began
This *Something*, turnd to Dust, to Nothing; *Man*.

82

On Ananias.

THe *Land* was his: The land was his, alone;
'Twas sold; And now the *Money* was his owne:
The powre remain'd in the *Possessors* hand,
To keepe his *money*, or have kept his *Land*:
But once devoted to the *Churches good*,
And then conceald, it cost his *life*, his *blood*:
If those that give, may not resume agin,
Without a *Punishment*, without a *Sin*,
What shall become of those, whose unjust power
Dispoyles the *widdowed* Temple of her *Dower*:
Who take her Profits, and in stead of giving
Encrease to her revennues, make a living
Vpon her *Ruines*, growing plump and full
Vpon her *Wants*, being cloathed in her *Wooll*;
While she sustains th'extremes of cold and hunger,
To pamper up the fat *Advouzion-monger*;
Who thrust their *Flesh-hooks* in their thrifty Pot,
And only leave her what they value not:
The whilst her sacred *Priests*, that dayly tread
Their slighted *Corne*, must begge their early *Bread*;
Or else, be forc'd to purchase easie shares
With the deare *price* of their ungranted *Prayres*:

Let

Let ſuch turne backe their ſacrilegious eyes,
And ſee how breathleſſe *Ananias* lyes:
Behold the Wages that his ſin procures,
That was a *Mole-hill*, to theſe *Alpes* of yours:
He tooke not from the *Church:* Did but conceale
Some part he gave; But your falſe fingers ſteale
Her maine *Inheritance*, her owne *Poſſeſſion*;
His was but bare *deceipt*; yours bold *Oppreſſion:*
O, if no leſſe then the *firſt death* was due
To him, what *death* d'ye think's prepar'd for you?
So often as your pamper'd Eyes ſhall looke
On your Eſtates, think on the *Flying Booke*.

83

On pious Vſes.

THey that, in life, oppreſſe, and then bequeath
Their Goods to *pious uſes* at their death,
Are like thoſe Drunkards, being layd to ſleepe,
That *belch* and *vomit* what they cannot *keepe:*
To Gods and Mans acceptance, I preſume
Their ſeverall Actions ſend the like *perfume*.

84

On SOPHRONIA.

THe chaſt *Sophronia* knowes not how to ſcape
Th'inevitable danger of a *Rape*;
Cruell *Sophronia* drawes her haſty knife
And would relieve her Chaſtity with *life:*
Doubtfull *Sophronia* knowes not what to doe,
She cannot keepe the *one*, and *to'ther* too:

Sophronia's in a ſtrait; One eyeis fixt
O'th' *ſeventh* Commandment; t'other, on the *ſixt*;
To what Extreames is poore *Sophronia* driven!
Is not *Sophronia* left at *Sixe* and *Seaven?*

58

On the knowing Man.

HEe's like a *luſty Soyle,* whoſe *Moyſture* feeds
If not a world of *Corne,* a world of *Weeds.*

86

On Romes pardon.

IF Rome could *pardon* ſins, as Romans hold,
And if ſuch *Pardons* might be bought for *Gold,*
An eaſie Iudgement might determine which
To chooſe; To be *religious,* or elſe *rich*;
Nay Rome does *pardon: Pardons* may be ſold;
Wee'l ſearch no *Scriptures*; But the *Mines,* for Gold.

87

On the world.

THe *World,* compos'd of *heaven* & *earth,'s* the ſtory
Of Gods *Eternall,* and Mans *Temp'rall* Glory.

Men

88

On formall Devotion.

MEn doe God Service with the ſame devotion,
As the foule Body takes his loathed *Potion*:
They ſtay and ſtay; then gulp it downe in haſt,
Not for the *pleaſure*, but to have it *paſt*;
Whoſe *druggy* Taſt goes ſo againſt their minde;
That, oft, the better part is left behind;
And what is taken, 's taken but in vaine;
It either *works not*; or *comes up* againe.

89

On heavenly Manna.

OWhat a world of heav'nly *Manna* falls
Within the Circuit of our happy *Walls*!
With how great *Ioy* wold neighb'ring *lands* receive
The Fragments of thoſe *Fragments*, that we leave!
Our furniſht *Markets* flouriſh all the yeare:
We need noe *Ephaths*, nor yet *Omers* here:
We take, unmeaſur'd, from the bounteous heape;
Thanks neuer were ſo *deare*; not that, ſo *cheape*:
We never hoard, but toſſe from hand to hand,
As if that *Famine* had forſworne the Land;
Our ſatiate ſtomacks are ſo laviſh fed,
That we ev'n ſlight, and wanton with our *Bread*:
Ah Lord! I feare when careleſſe children play
With their ſpoyld *Bread*, 'tis time to take *away*.

90

On naturall Sins.

TO murther *Parents*, or our *ſelves*, has bin,
Though falſly, counted an *unnaturall Sin:*
By *Nature*, we are apt to fall intoo't;
I rather think't unnaturall *not to doe't:*
If heav'n ſhould but forſake us, 'twere agin
The very courſe of Nature, *not to ſin.*

91

On the Arke.

IF *Flouds* of Teares ſhold drown my *world* of Sin,
Alas, my floating Arke retaines, within,
A curſed *Cham* to ſtore the *World* agin:
—What then? ſo long as holy *Sem* vouchſafeth
But to divide a Tent with baſhfull *Iapheth.*

92

On SOPHRONIA.

Sophronia chooſes rather to commit
Selfe-murther, then by violence, to ſubmit
Her ventur'd honor to th'injurious truſt
Of the *eye-ſparkling* Tyrants furious *Luſt:*
What means *Sophronia?* Dare her conſcience frame,
To act a *Sinne*, but to prevent a *Shame?*

Looke

93

On a faire Proſpect.

Looke up; And there, I ſee the faire abode
And glorious *Manſion* of my gracious God:
Looke downe; In ev'ry garniſht corner lyes
Favours objected to my wondring eyes:
Looke on my right hand; There, the ſweet encreaſe
Of Ioyes preſent me with a ioyfull *Peace*:
Looke on my left hand; There, my Fathers *Rod*
Sublimes my knowledge, from my ſelfe, to God:
Looke foreward; There, I ſee the lively Story
Of *Faiths* improvement and of future *Glory*:
Looke backward; There, my thankfull eye is caſt
On *Sinnes* remitted, and on *Dangers* paſt:
Looke inwards; And mine eye is made partaker
Of the faire Image of my glorious *Maker*:
Looke up; or *downe*; *About*, *above*, or *under*;
Nothing but Obiects of true *Love* and *wonder*.

94

A Reſolution.

IF thou haſt giv'n me *Wealth*, great God, I crave
Content; and Grace to *have* the goods I have;
If otherwiſe; thy will be done: I crave not
So much, to *have*, as uſe the goods *I have not*:
Lord, make me *Thine*: And then I ſhall appeare,
If not thy *Almner*, yet thy *Beadſ-man*, here.

Earth's

95

On the worlds welcome.

EArth's Entertainments are like those of *Iael*;
Her left hand brings me *Milke*; Her right, a *nayle*.

96

On our Meditation upon God.

WHen thy ambitious *knowledge* wold attempt
So *high a Taske* as God, she must exempt
All carnall *sense*; Thy *Reason* must release
Her *pow'r*; Thy *Fancy* must be bound toth' peace;
Thy *Spirits* must be rapt; They must exile
Thy *flesh*, and keepe a *Sabbath* for a while;
Thou must *forget* thy selfe, and take strong *Bands*
Of thy owne Thoughts, and shake eternall hands
With thy rebellious *Lusts*; discard and cleare
Thy heart of all *Idea's*; Then, with *Feare*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou must thinke of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon:
Conceive a *Spirituall*, a *most perfect* Being,
Pure, *Simple*; At the selfe same instant, seeing
Things Present, Past, and Future; *One*, whose *might*,
Whose *Wisedome*, *Iustice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himselfe*; being Great
Without a *Quantity*, and most Compleat,
Without *Degrees*; Eternall without *space*
Of time: At all times Present, without *Place*:
Think thus: And whē thy *thoughts* can *sore* no higher,
Stay there, Stand humbly *silent*, and *admire*.

He

97

On Faith.

HE that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Griefe*
Becauſe he wants it, hath a *true Beliefe*:
And he that grieves, becauſe his *griefe's* ſo ſmall,
H'as a *true Griefe*, and the *beſt Faith* of all.

98

On Mans folly.

Ideots, and Senſe-bound *Lunaticks* diſcerne
'Twixt *Salt* and *Suger*; very *Babes* will learne
To know a *Counter* from the currant *Coyne*;
Bruit *Beaſts*, by *Inſtinct* of Nature, will decline
Th'alluring *Bait*, and ſenſe-beguiling *Snare*;
Though that ſeeme nere ſo *ſweet*; this, nere ſo *faire*:
Yet *Man*, heavn's greateſt *Maſter-piece* will chuſe,
What *Fooles*, and *Mad-men*, *Beaſts*, and *Babes* refuſe;
Delights in dangerous *Pleaſures*, and beneath
The name of *Ioyes*, pleaſes himſelfe to *death*.

99

On Glorie.

THat *Saint*, in Heav'n, whoſe *Glory* is the leaſt,
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory*, as the beſt:
There's no *Degrees*, but in a finite Treaſure:
No difference 'twixt *Pauls glory* & *mine*, but *meaſure*.

100

On Reward.

WHen holy *Scriptures* mention the *Rewarding*
Of *works*, we read not, *For*; but ſtil *According*.

The end of the third *Booke*.

DIVINE FANCIES:

The fourth Booke.

1

A good Morrow.

Is *day*: Vnfold thine Armes; Ariſe, and rouze
Thy leaden Spirits, and pay thy Morning *Vowes*;
Send up thy *Incenſe*; Let her early ſmoke
Renew that League thy very dreames have broke;
Then mayſt thou *worke* or *play*; Nothing ſhall be
Diſpleaſing to thy God, that pleaſes thee.

2

A Good-night.

CLoſe now thine eyes, and reſt ſecure;
Thy *Soule* is ſafe enough; thy *Body* ſure;
He that loves thee, he that keepes
And guards thee, never ſlumbers, never ſleepes.
The ſmiling Conſcience in a ſleeping breſt
Has only peace, has onely reſt:
The muſicke and the mirth of Kings,
Are all but very *Diſcords*, when ſhe ſings:
Then cloſe thine Eyes and reſt ſecure;
No Sleepe ſo ſweet as thine, no reſt ſo ſure.

3

On a Printing-houſe.

THe *world's* a *Printing-houſe*: our *words*, our *thoughts*
Our *deeds*, are *Characters* of ſev'rall ſizes:
Each *Soule* is a *Compos'ter*; of whoſe faults
The Levits are *Correctors*: Heav'n reviſes;
Death is the *common Preſs*; frō whence, being driven,
W'are gatherd *Sheet* by *Sheet*, & bound for *Heaven*.

4

A Dialogue, betweene GABRIEL *and* MARY.

GABRIEL.

HAile bleſſed *Mary*: MA. What celeſtial tongue
Cals ſinfull *Mary* bleſſed? GAB: It is I:

Who

Ma: Who art thou? Ga: I am *Gabriel* that belong
To the high Quire of Heaven: Ma: I faint, I dye:
Ga: Feare not ſweet *Virgin*; all the *Earth* ſhall be
Made debters to thy *Womb*, and bleſt in Thee. (*Son*
Ma: How Lord? Ga: Thy *Virgin-womb* ſhal beare a
That ſhal *redeem* the world. Ma: My *Lord*, how can
Such wonders come to paſſe; ſuch things be done
By a poore *Virgin*, never knowne by Man?
Ga: The *holy Ghoſt*, at his appointed howre,
Shall make thee pregnant by his ſacred powre:
Ma: *Wonder* of wonders! Ga: At whoſe *height* the
Of *heav'n* ſtand raviſht, tremble, & admire. (*Quire*
Ma: O may it be according to thy Word:
Ga: Before that twice five Moons compleated be
Thou ſhalt be knowne the *Mother* of our Lord,
And thou ſhalt dance thy Saviour on thy knee.
Ma: Both *heav'n* & *earth* ſhal triumph, & the *frame*
Of *hell* ſhall tremble at *Maria's* name:
Ga: All *Ages* paſt, and preſent, and to come,
Shall joy in *Mary*, and in *Marye's* Wombe.

5

On Rhemvs.

IF Heav'n would pleaſe to purge thy *Soule* as well
As Rome thy *purſe*, thou needſt not feare a Hell.

6

On the life of Man.

MAns day's a *Song*, compos'd by th'great *Muſition*,
Full of harmonious *Ayres* and dainty choyce;

But spoyld with *Discords*, and too much *Division*;
Abus'd and lost for want of *skill*, and *voyce*:
We misse our *Rests*, and we neglect our *Graces*;
Our life the *Trebble*, and our death the *Base* is:

7

On MARY.

FOure *Marye's* are eternizd for their worth;
Our *Saviour* found out *three*, our *Charls*, the *fourth*.

8

On the Church.

LEt not thy *blackneſſe* move thee to deſpaire;
Black Women are belov'd of men that's faire:
What if thy hayre her flaxen brightnes lack?
Thy *face* is comely, though thy *Brow* be black.

9

On the two Eſſences.

GOds ſacred *Eſſence* repreſents the bright
And glorious body of the greater light:
'Tis perfect; hath a *Being* of her owne,
Giving to all, receiving light from none:
Mans *Eſſence* repreſents the borrowed light
And feeble luſter of the Lampe of night:
Her *Rayes* are faint, and her Reflection thin,
Diſtaind with nat'rall blemiſhes within;
Inconſtant, various; having, of her owne,
No light at all; or light, as good as none:

When

When too much earth ſhall interpoſe, and ſlipps
Betwixt theſe Lights, our Soules are in th'*Eclips*.

10

On our Saviours Paſſion.

THe earth did tremble; and heav'ns cloſed eye
Was loth to ſee the *Lord of Glory* dye:
The Skyes were clad in mourning, & the Spheares
Forgat their *harmony*; The Clouds dropt *teares*:
Th'ambitious Dead aroſe to give him roome;
And ev'ry Grave did gape to be his *Tombe*;
Th'affrighted heav'ns ſent down elegious *Thunder*;
The *Worlds Foundation* loos'd, to loſe their *Founder*;
Th'impatient *Temple* rent her *Vaile* in two,
To teach our hearts what our ſad hearts ſhould do:
Shall ſenſleſſe things doe this, and ſhall not I
Melt one poore drop to ſee my Saviour dye?
Drill forth my Teares; and trickle one by one,
Till you have peirc'd this *heart* of mine, this *Stone*.

11

On Peter.

WHat luck had *Peter!* For he tooke a Fiſh
That ſtor'd his *purſe*, as well as fill'd his *diſh*;
Whoſe bounty did *inrich*, as well as *feed* him;
But they are better *Fiſhers* that ſucceed him:
He catcht by chance: *Theſe* catch the like by skill:
He catcht but once: *Theſe* catch them whē they will:
They caſt their Angles into better *Seas*;
Their bayts are only for ſuch *Fiſh* as theſe:

Brave

Brave ſport, and full of curious pleaſure! *Come,*
There is no Fiſhing to the Sea --of Rome.

12

On HERODIAS.

I'Le tell thee, *Light-skirts*, whoſoever taught
Thy feet to dance, thy dancing had a Fault:
Thou'lt find it deare, *Herodias*, if thou do'ſt
Compare thy *pen'worth* with the *price* it coſt.

13

On Faith and Hope.

HOw much the ſtronger, *Hopes* on life relye,
So much the weaker is my *Faith*, to dye.

14

On Water and Wine.

THe happy diff'rence and ſweet change of life,
When a chaſt *Virgin* turnes a loyall *Wife*,
Our bleſſed Lord, in *Cana* did divine,
And turnd cold *Water* into luſty *Wine*.

15

On Age.

HOw *freſh blood* dotes! O how *green Youth* delires!
It moſt diſdaines the *thing* it moſt deſires.

16

On a Figg-tree.

A Chriſtian's like a *Figg-tree*, that does beare
Fruit, greene, or ripe, or bloſſomes all the yeare:
No wonder then, our Saviour curs't that Tree;
Figg-trees are alwayes dead, where no Figgs be.

17

On Rhemvs.

R*Hemus*, upon a time I heard thee tell,
A *Wall* divideth Purgatory and Hell;
And that a gold-bought *Maſſe* will cleare th'offence
That brought us thither, and redeeme us thence:
Ah *Rhemus*, what demented Soule would ſpare
To ruine Wife, or to diſ-land an Heyre,
Rather then feele ſuch torments, you pretend,
That equall Hell in all but *Time*, and *end*?
Ah *Rhemus*, If the power of Gold be ſuch,
How dare you be ſo bold to dye ſo rich!

18

On Iacob.

NEre boaſt thy *Bargaine*, *Iacob*: For poore we
Have made a better contract far, then thee:
We envy not his Land thou didſt inherit;
Our Brother tooke our *Fleſh*, gave us his *Spirit*.

19

On SIMON MAGVS.

Simon, bring Gold enough; and I will tell thee,
Whether thou shalt *buy* what *Peter* wold not *sel thee*:
Repaire to his *Succeſſors*; They are free
And frolick *Gamſters*; not ſo ſtrict as Hee:
Nay, if thy Gold be weake, they will not ſtand
To ſell good Pen'worths at the *ſecond hand*:
They'l ſell good cheape, but they'l not give to any;
No *Pater-noſter* where there is no *Penny*:
No, if thy purſe be like an empty *Shell*,
They will not *give*, what *Peter* would not *ſell*.

20

On the Biſhop of Rome.

ADmit, great Prelat, that thou wert that *Rock*
Wherein the *Church* was founded; coldſt *unlock*
The *gates* of Heav'n; and, with thy *golden Key*,
Make Hel thy *Pris'ner*, and the Fiends obey,
Thy Papall dignity would far be greater,
If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

21

On MILO.

DO; ſtrive to enter *Milo*, though the Gate
Be narrow, and the rugged paſſage ſtraight;
Leſſen thy ſelfe, and faſt thy carkas thin;
Take in thy *Fleſh*, 'twill get thee eaſier in:

Look

Look up to heav'n, twill raiſe thy body'uprighter;
Give lib'rall *alms*, twil make thee tread the lighter:
Sweat forth thy baſe corruptions, and inherit
Thy promis'd *Crowne*, halte loſt for want of ſpirit;
Let not thy dastard, and dull thoughts diſdaine
Thoſe works which cold *deſpaire* miſtakes, as vaine;
Take heed; Let not thy queazy Soule repine
Againſt thoſe *Actions* which are none of thine:
Heav'n bids thee ſhine; what if thy *Rayes* be dim,
Doe thou thy beſt; leave the ſucceſſe to Him:
Follow thy *Worke*; And when thy Soule ſhall be
Gather'd from hence, thy *Works* ſhall follow thee.

22

On Rome.

GOod *Works* abound in *Rome*: 'Tis well they doe,
'Tis the beſt ſtring they chalenge to their Bow:
But evr'y Hee's no *Monck*, that weares a Hood,
'Tis well, if they'r well done, as well as good:
When wandring Paſſengers have loſt their way,
No ſort of men that ride ſo faſt as they.

23

On three dayes and nights.

THou knowſt our dying Saviour did repoſe
On *Friday*; On the *Sabbath*, he aroſe;
Tell me, by what account can he be ſaid
To lodge *three dayes and nights* among the dead?
He dyde for all the Word: what wanted here,
Was full ſupply'd in t'other *Hemiſphere*.

24

On TOBITS *Dogge.*

WHat luck had *Tobits dog!* what *grace!* what *glory*
Thus to be Kenel'd in th' Eternall *Story!*
Vntill th' *Apocrypha* and *Scripture* ſever,
The mem'ry of *Tobits dogg* ſhall live for ever.

25

On the Goſpell.

WHen two *Evangeliſts* ſhall ſeeme to vary
In one diſcourſe, they'r *divers*, not *contrary*;
One Truth doth guide them both; One ſpirit doth
Direct them; doubt not, to beleeve them both.

26

On SERVIO.

Servio, 'Tis ſcarcely worth thy paines, to ſmother
Or to ſubdue one Sin, and hugge another:
Beleeve it *Servio*, he that is in thrall
To one, is a potentiall *Slave* to all.

27

On FORMIO.

Formio will keepe the *Sabbath*, read and pray,
His lips are ſeal'd from oaths upon that day;
Formio is clad in black, and will abſent
His fleſhly thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.

Thinkſt

Think'ſt thou that *Formio* 's ſhaken hands with Sin?
No, tis but giving hands to meet again.

27

On IOHN *and* IESVS.

Iohn was the *Morning-ſtarre* that did fore-run
The long-wiſht riſing of our Glorious *Sun*:
The firſt word that *Iohns* preaching lips expreſſed
Was this, *Repent*: Our Saviours firſt, was, *Bleſſed*:
Iohn makes th'inciſion; *Ieſus* makes it ſound;
Ieſus nere cures, where *Iohn* ne're made a wound.

29

On diſ-poſſeſſing.

WE read, A broyled Fiſhes *heart* will ſcare
A frighted Divel from a troubled breſt:
We read againe, By *Faſting*, and by *Prayre*
The fierce *Demoniack's* only diſpoſſeſt:
What this affirmes, that flatly does denye;
With reverence to the Text, *The t'one's a Lye.*

30

On HERODIAS.

I Have a young *Herodias* lives within me,
That never leaves to *dance*, untill ſhe win me
To grant her Suit; will never ceaſe to plead
Vntill I give her my *Iohn Baptiſts* head:
O then my ſorrow would be paſt her date,
And I, like *Herod*, ſhould repent too late.

31

On MALFIDO.

SAthans *Injections* are like Weeds that fall
Into thy Garden, darted ore the Wall,
Whose loathsom smel unscent thy sweeter *Flowr's*;
But grow not there, unles we make them ours:
They'l dye, neglected: If thou lend them roome,
They'l stink; But eas'ly thrown from whence they come:
Feare not, *Malfido*; those they be that spoyle
Thy Flow'rs, that suck their *substance* from the soyle.

32

On Slanders.

WHen undeserv'd report distaines my name,
It *shames* not, but perchãce prevents a *Shame*.

33

On Law and Gospell.

THe *Law* is rough; The *Gospell* milde and calme;
That launc'd the *Bile*; & this powres in the *Balme*.

34

On a bosome Sin.

THat *Sin* that finds more *credit* then the rest,
That is thy *Darling*, leanes upon thy *brest*;
That, in the *Bosome* of thy heart does lye;
That dips within thy *dish*, Sayes, *Is it I?*

That

That gives thee *kiſſes*; that's the *Sin* that ſlayes thee,
O that, O that's the *Iudas*, that betrayes thee.

35

On the World.

THe World's a *Booke*, writ by th'eternall *Art*,
Of the great Maker, *printed* in Mans heart;
'Tis falſly *printed*, though divinely *pend*,
And all th' *Erratas* will appeare at th' *end*.

36

On my Soule.

MY weather-beaten Soule long time has bin
Becalm'd, and tiding in the *Sea* of Sin;
But now Afflictions *Storme* does drive and toſſe
Her batterd *Keele*: The wind is loud and croſſe:
Feare fills her tatterd *Sailes*, & *doubts* doe drive her,
She knowes not where; & of all hopes deprive her:
Thus, thus tranſported by the troubled Ayre
Amongſt the ſwallowing *Quick-ſands* of deſpaire,
If not prevented by a greater power,
She looks for *wreck* and *ruine* ev'ry hower;
O, that mine Eyes could raine a *Showre* of Teares,
That, that would lay the *Storme* of all my Feares.

37

On the Cuckoe.

THe idle *Cuckoe*, having made a Feaſt
On Sparrowes Eggs, layes downe her owne i'th' (Neſt;

The

The ſilly Bird ſhe ownes it, hatches, feeds it;
Protects it from the weather, clocks and breeds it;
It neither wants repoſe nor yet repaſt,
And joyes to ſee her *Chicken* thrive ſo faſt:
But when this gaping Monſter has found ſtrength
To ſhift without a helper, ſhe at length
Nor caring for that tender care that bred her,
Forgets her parent, kills the *Bird* that fed her:
The *Sin* we foſter in our boſome, thus
Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on vs.

38

On TOBIT.

WAs it not time to ſend his ſonne to *Rages*,
For mony, whē his *wife* ſpun hard for *wages*?
Was't not high time for him to poſt away,
That for an *Angell* paid a *Groat* a day?

39

On DAVID.

WHo ever ſung ſo high, ſo rapt an *Io*
As *David* prompted by heroick *Clio*?
But when thy more divine *Vrania* ſung,
What glorious Angell had ſo ſweet a tongue?
But when *Melpomene* began to ſing,
Each word's a *Rapture*, or ſome *higher thing*:
Sweet were thy *triumphs*; ſweet thoſe *joyes* of thine;
O, but thy *Teares* were more then moſt *Divine*.

Sceſt

40

On a Monument.

SEeſt thou that *Mon'ment?* Dost thou ſee how Art
Does poliſh Nature to adorne each part
Of that rare Worke, whoſe glorious Fabricke may
Commend her beauty to an after day?
Is't not a dainty Peece? And apt to raiſe
A rare advantage to the Makers praiſe?
But knowſt thou what this dainty Peece encloſes?
Beneath this glorious *Marble* there repoſes
A noyſome putrid Carkas, halfe devour'd
By crawling *Caniballs*, diſguiz'd, deflour'd
With loath'd Corruption, whoſe conſuming ſent
Would poyſon Thoughts, although it have no vent:
Ev'n ſuch a *Peece* art thou, who ere thou be
That readſt theſe Lines: This *Monument* is *Thee*:
Thy Body is a Fabricke, wherein Nature
And Art conſpire to heighten up a Creature
To ſumme Perfection, being a living Story
And rare *Abridgement* of his Makers Glory;
But full of lothſome *filth*, and naſty *mire*
Of luſt, vncurb'd Affections, baſe deſire;
Curious without, but moſt corrupt within;
A glorious *Monument* of inglorious *Sin*.

41

On PLAVSVS.

PLauſus has built a *Church*: And leſt his Glory
Should dye, has boaſted his vain-glorious Story

Vpon the painted *Wall*, and built to Fame
A large *Memoriall* of his doubtfull Name:
Plauſus, 'tis bravely done; Thy Deeds make knowne
Thou either ſeekſt *Gods* glory, or *thy owne*.

42

On Censorio.

THou blam'ſt the *Age*, cõdemns the *dayes* of *crimes*;
If thou wouldſt mend thy *Faults* 'twould mend (the *Times*.

43

On fooles of both kinds.

SOme *ſcorne* the Croſs, whilſt others *fall before it*;
Some *ſit* and take the Bread, and ſome *adore it*;
Some are too *bold*, and others too too *nice*;
Fooles act a Sin whilſt they decline a Vice.

44

On the name of Iesvs.

IT is the common courſe of man to double
The name of *Ieſus* in the times of Trouble:
The name of *Lord* is not a ſtile to pleaſe us;
Ieſu's no Lord with us; if *Lord*, no *Ieſus*.

How

45

On the Woman with the Iſſue.

HOw could thy Soule, fond Woman, be aſſur'd
Thy long diſeaſe could be ſo eas'ly cur'd?
What? coldſt thou think the touch of *cloth* was good
To dry the Fountaine of thy flowing Blood?
Or was't becauſe our bleſſed Saviour wore it?
Or why? I read not, that thou didſt adore it:
He nere ſo much as ownd thee, Woman: Sure,
Thy *Faith*, and not his *Garments* wrought the Cure.

46

On our Redemption.

WE were created at a *Word*, a *Breath*;
Redeemed with no leſſe then *Blood* & *Death*.
How much a greater labour is it, than,
To *waſh* a Sinner, then to *make* a Man!

47

On Gods Arme.

TWas not, that he was *weake*; or thou ſo *ſtrong*;
He *dy'd* ſo ſoone, or that thou *liv'dſt* ſo long:
The headſtrong *Oxe* is haled to the ſlaughter,
When the poore *worm* crawls many a *Summer* after:
When Heav'ns victorious *arme* ſhal pleaſe to ſtrike,
The *Gyant* and the *Pigmey* are alike.

48

On our blessed Saviour.

O Thou that wert the *King* of heav'n and earth,
How poorely wert thou attended at thy Birth!
A Manger was thy *Cradle*, And a Stable
Thy *Privy-chamber*, *Mary's* knees thy *Table*;
Thieves were thy *Courtiers*, & the Cross, thy *Throne*;
Thy *Dyet*, Gall; A wreath of Thornes, thy *Crowne*:
All this, the King of Glory' endur'd, and more,
To make vs *Kings* that were but *Slaves before*.

49

On CORDVPLO.

KEepe in thy *Actions*, and maintaine the *Fences*
Of thy clos'd lipps, *Corduplo*, and thy *Senses*;
Thou shalt deceive both Man and Devill too,
And mayst be damn'd, and yet they never know;
The Devils power of knowledge never delves
Into our hearts, till we proclaime our selves.

50

On Dreames.

WHo dreams a *Sin*, & not his dreams forbid it
An entertainment, sins as if he did it;
Which if thy slumbring Soule could not prevent,
Th'art safe, if thou hast dreamd thou didst *repent*.

How

51

On Adam.

HOw ſoon, poore *Adam*, was thy *Freedome* loſt!
Forfeit to death ere thou hadſt time to boaſt;
Before thy Triumph, was thy Glory done,
Betwixt a *riſing* and a *ſetting* Sun:
How ſoon that ends, that ſhould have ended never!
Thine eyes nere ſlept, untill they ſlept for ever.

52

On Sins and Bleſsings.

WE write thy *common Bleſsings*, Lord, upon
A ſliding ſtreame; no ſooner writ, but gon:
Thy more illuſtrious Favors we entruſt
To the dry Sand, defac'd with ev'ry Guſt:
But, Lord, our Scrowle of *Sins* are written downe
On during Marble, or ſo ne harder ſtone;
And our extreame miſ-doings are thought good
To be inſcrib'd, like *Draco's Lawes*, in blood:
Lord, let us change our *Tables*, or our *Story*,
And we ſhall have more *Comfort*; Thou, more *Glory*.

53

On CELIA.

Celia complaines, her Heart cannot be well;
Nor will not, *Celia*, till it ceaſe to ſwell:
'Tis too-too proud with blood, perverſe and ſtout;
It muſt be launc'd to let the humour out:
Alas no launce can pierce it; It is growne
More hard then *Raunce*, or th' *Adamantine ſtone*:
Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou muſt
Make the inciſion with her owne made *duſt*.

54

On PVSILLVS.

Pvſillus can be jocund, never whines
When he is full, but ſtill, in want, repines;
And, like a bad-nos'd hound, that hunts not true,
Hee's at a *Fault*, if not the Game in *view*:
Be well adviſ'd *Puſillus*; Heav'n may chance
To *pipe* no more, if thou give ore to *dance*.

55

On Beliefe.

THe Divels doe *beleeve*: I know they doe;
But their *Beliefe* does make them *tremble* too.

Paſt

57

On CRASTINIO.

Paſt time is gone; the *Future* is to be;
Craſtinio, ſay, which moſt belongs to thee?
The *firſt*, thou further goeſt and further from;
And thou mayſt dye before the *laſt* ſhall come:
The *firſt*, *Craſtinio*'s now growne out of date,
Perchance the *laſt* may come, but come too late:
The *laſt*'s uncertaine, and the *firſt* is gone,
The *preſent* then *Craſtinio*'s thine, or none.

58

On an Hower-glaſſe.

MAns life is like an *Hower-glaſſe*, wherein
Each ſeverall *ſand* that paſſes is a Sin;
And when the lateſt *ſand* is ſpent and run;
Our *Sinnes* are finiſht, as our *lives* are done.

59

On KAIN.

KAin, 'tis true: It was, and did appeare
A *Puniſhment* too great for thee to beare:
If thou hadſt had a *Faith*, and couldſt have bin
As much oppreſt and loaded with thy *Sin*,
Thy greater patience either might out-worne it,
Or found more able *Shoulders* to have borne it.

Titio

59

On TICIO.

Ticio ſtands gaping for the clouded Sun
To be informd how faſt the howers run:
Ah, fooliſh *Ticio*, art thou ſound in minde,
To loſe by *ſeeking*, what thou ſeek'ſt to *finde*?

60

On SORTIO.

Sortio, that mak'ſt a *Trade* of gaming, know
Thou break'ſt two great *cõmand'ments* at a throw:
The *third* thou break'ſt by thy abuſe of *Lott*;
Thou break'ſt the *Tenth*, that bids thee *Covet not*:
Now tell me, *Sortio*, whether ſins moſt high,
He that playes *faire*, or he that helps a *Die*?

61

On RAYMOND SEBVND.

HOnour to high-brain'd *Raymond*, And no leſſe
To thy renowned Scholler, great *Du Pleſſe*:
Your high attempts obje&t to our dull Sight
The God of *Nature*, by dull Natures *Light*:
But what has *Raymond*, and *Du Pleſsis* done?
They light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun.

'Tis

62

To Henry *Earle of* Holland.

TIs not the *Sun-ſhine* of great *Ceſars* Eye,
Nor our *Opinion* makes thy Honour flye
So faire a *pitch*; Nor need thy Glory claime
Aſſiſtance from thy *Blood*, t'enrich thy Name:
But what it is that mounts thee up ſo high,
The *World* ſhall tell thee, *Henry*, and not I:
Blood gives no *Vertue*; nor Opinion, *Glory*;
And Princely Favors are but *Tranſitory*;
Heav'ns *Act* is mingled with great *Ceſars Eye*:
Heav'n gave thee *wings*, and *Ceſar* bids thee *flye*.

63

On Drunkards and Idolaters.

WHich is the greater Sin, and which the leſſe?
Which finds the *ſharper*? which the *milder*
To turne Gods glorious Image to a *Beaſt*, (*Rod*?
Or turne the Image of a Beaſt to *God*?
Thrice happy is that ſoule, and more then thrice,
That buyes no knowledge at ſo deare a price.

64

On dying.

HE that would dye once well, muſt often trye;
Practice does bring perfection how to dye:
The Law's our *Tutor*; and the World our *Schoole*,
Wherein w'are taught by *example*, as by *Rule*:

The Rod's *Affliction*, which being laid away,
The *Gospell* comes, and begs us leave to *play*.

65

On Ravens and Lillies.

ARe not the *Ravens*, great God, sustaind by Thee?
And wilt thou cloth the *Lilyes*, and not me?
I'le nere distrust my God, for *Cloath*, & *Bread*,
Whilst *Lilyes* flourish, and the *Ravens* be fed.

66

On degrees of Sin.

CVrses proportion to the *Sins* degree:
Adam had *one*; *Eve*, *two*; the Serpent, *three*.

67

A last Will.

MY Life's my *dying day*; wherein I, still,
Am making, alter, and correct my *Will*:
My *Soule* I doe bequeath to God, provided,
Some smaller *Legacies* may be divided
Among my Friends: *Item*, my *Sins* I give
To my deare *Iesus*, whether dye or live:
Item, I give the World, that did refresh
The tender frailty of my feeble Flesh,
My lesser *Cares*: I doe bequeath moreover,
To my poore body, *home-spun cloth*, to cover
And hide her shame, & *Food* for needfull diet;
Some *Sleepe*, but not immoderate, to quiet

Distem-

Diſtemper'd *Nature*, and in her Vacation,
Some lawfull *Pleaſures* for her Recreation;
My *Charity*, to my poore helples brother,
I give; my *Prayres* to the true Church my *Mother*;
Whoſe watchfull eyes I muſt deſier, ſtill,
To be the *Over-ſeers* of my *Will*.

68

On our IESVS.

HEe's like a *Rock*, which when we ſtrive to ſhun
We are in danger to be wreckt vpon;
But when our wide-ſpred Armes ſeek *Refuge* there,
It will ſecure us from the *harmes* we feare.

69

To King CHARLES.

THe Common-wealth is like an *Inſtrument*;
The divers ſorts of people repreſent
The *ſtrings*, all diffring in *degrees*, in *places*;
Some *trebles*, and ſome *Meanes*, and ſome are *Baſes*:
The potent Rulers the *Muſitians* are;
The muſicke, ſometimes *peace*; and ſomtimes *warre*;
The Lawes are like the *Ruled Bookes* that lye
Before their eyes, and which they practice by:
Play on great *Charles*; Heav'n make thy *ſtrings* as ſtrong,
And true, as thou art skilfull: Raviſh long
The worlds wide eares, with thy diviner *Ayres*,
That whoſoever to thy Land repayres,
May thence returne amazd, and tell the Story
Of Brittains *Triumph*, in great *Charles* his *Glory*.

70

A Riddle.

THe Goods we ſpend we *keepe*; and what we ſave,
We *loſe*; and only what we loſe, we *have*.

71

On GLORIOSO.

NEre vaunt, *Glorioſo*, that thou oft reliev'ſt
The poore; *Glorioſo*, tis not thine, thou giv'ſt:
Boaſt what's thy own; Thou art the poor mans *Sive*;
Thy wealth was giv'n thee, with a *Clauſe*, to give;
Put caſe it were thy owne thou gav'ſt; what then?
Thy owne *Applauſe* hath paid thy own agen.

72

On IVDAS.

TWo *hundred pence!* What's that to thee? But ſay
That ſo much Oyntment had beene caſt away;
The *coyne* that paid for't, *Iudas*, was not thine;
O *Iudas*, that's the cauſe thou didſt *repine*.

73

On IMPROPRIATOR.

LOrd, how he ſwells! as if he had, at leaſt,
A *Common-wealth* repoſed in his breſt:
A *Common-wealth?* Twas ſhrewdly gueſt, I tell ye;
He has a Leaſh of *Churches* in his *Belly*.

Pro-

74

On the ſame.

PRodigious Stomacke! what a cruell deale
It can devoure! whole Churches at a *meale*:
'Tis very ſtrange that Nature ſhould deliver
So good a *Stomacke* to ſo bad a *Liver*.

75

On Lvcro.

Lvcro, it is beleev'd, thy *Conſcience*, either
Is very *wide*, or made of *ſtretching leather*:
Me thinkes thy *Conſcience* rather ſeemes too ſmall;
So farre from *large*, I feare th'aſt *none at all*.

76

To God.

IF thou ſhouldſt ſtrike a blow for every *ſlipp*
That mortalls make, or ſpurre for every *tripp*,
Within a moments ſpace, here would be found
No *place* left free t'inflict an other *wound*:
Hackneys and ſpur-gall'd *Iades* would happier be,
And in condition, better farre, then *Wee*.

77

On Sleepe and Death.

IT is receiv'd, that Sleep's the *elder brother*;
I see no reason for't: I thinke, the other:
Though *Sleepe* does now vsurp the upper hand,
I'm sure that *death* do's sweepe away the *Land*.

78

To RHEMVS.

THy Conscience tels thee, that to make debate
Twixt *Prince* and *People*; to subvert a *State*;
To violate a *Truce*; to murther *Kings*
Are lawfull; nay, are *meritorious* things:
Thou hast a *Freedome* more then we, wherein
To doe against thy *Conscience*, and not sin.

79

On GLORIOSO.

HE that relieves his brother in distresse,
And seeks no vaine *Applause*, do's nothing lesse
Then lend to his *Redeemer*, laying downe
A worthlesse *Counter*, to take up a *Crowne*:
But if *vain-glory* prompt thy tongue to boast,
It is not *lent*, *Glorioso*; 'Tis but *lost*.

80

To God.

I Wonder, Lord, thou ſhouldſt ſo much deſire
Our *yonger dayes*, when as the greene-wood fire
Of feeble *Nature* is but newly blowne;
When ev'ry *Roome's* unfurniſht; and not one
Fit for the preſence of ſo great a *Gueſt*;
None trim'd with *Art*; no, not ſo much as dreſt
With *common ſenſe*; when as th' vnburniſht print
Of thy faire *Image*, taken from the Mint
But now, has not the leaſt imbelliſhment
Of heav'nly *knowledge*: Lord, what haſt thou ment,
To make ſuch choyce, to chooſe a time ſo ill,
When we have neither meanes, nor yet a will
To entertaine? Would not our *deeper Age*,
Wherein the *Toyes* of Child-hood, and the *rage*,
The *fire* of luſtfull Youth ſhall be abated,
Wherein our riper Soules ſhall be eſtated
In richer *Knowledge*, and the ſtrength of *Reaſon*;
O might not, might not this bin thought a ſeaſon,
A time more aptly choſen of the twaine,
For thee to come; and us, to entertaine?
No thou, great God, that art our wiſe Creator,
Wert better read in our rebellious Nature:
Thou knewſt the *Bow* of our corrupted will
Stood bent to miſchiefe, would be *drawne* to ill
By every Arme; Thou knewſt that every hower
Gave new encreaſe to ſtrength, and double power
To draw thoſe ſinfull *Shafts* that ſhoot at heaven;
Thou knewſt our eaſie *Nature* would be driven

By

By ev'ry Breath, and that our thoughts would fall
From bad to worſe; from worſe, to worſt of all;
Thou knewſt that *growing Time* wold more unlevel
Our rugged *Wills*, and tookſt the beſt of evill:
Lord, take it, and betimes; that, being poſſeſt
Of that, thou mayſt preſcribe for all the reſt.

81

On PARTIO.

THou ſayſt thy *will* is good, and glory'ſt in it,
And yet *forgetſt* thy Maker ev'ry minit:
Say *Partio*, was there ever *Will* allow'd
When the Teſtators *mem'ry* was not good?

82

On an evill Conſcience.

WHat hells of *Horror*, an evill *Conſcience* brings!
What ſtrange *Chimera's!* what prodigious *things!*
A pregnant *womb* of wonders! Ev'ry minit
We Sin; but leaſt, when moſt we ſin again it.

83

To MVNDANO.

NEre thinke, *Mundano*, that one *Roome* will hold
Thy *God*, and all thy *gold*;
If ere they chance to meete within a heart,
They'l either fight, or part;
So long as *Earth* ſeemes glorious in thine eyes,
Thy thoughts can never riſe;
Beleev't

Beleev't, *Mundano*, by how much more *neare*
Thou getſt to Heav'n, the *leſſe* will earth appeare.

84

To my Friend.

WOldſt thou be proſp'rous, tho the bended *brow*
Of *Fortune* threaten thee? Ile teach thee how:
Call home thy deareſt *wiſhes*, and recall
Thy *hopes*; Expect the worſt that can befall:
If come; thy heart will be the more ſecure,
The leſſe amaz'd, and abler to endure:
If it come not, *Expectance* is no loſſe;
Perchance it armes thee for another *Croſſe*:
Thus wiſely ſheltred under this reliefe,
Thy *Joy* ſhall be the leſſe; and leſſe, thy *Griefe*.

85

To MALFIDO.

CHeare up *Malfido*, Lay thy thoughts more level;
Make ſure of *Grace*, and nere ſuſpect thy *Food*:
He that is *Good*, can give a thing that's evill
No more, then thou, being *evill*, canſt wish a good:
He better knowes to give, then thou, to begge;
Thou whin'ſt for *Stones*, and grumbleſt at an *Egge*:
O, let his better will ſuſpend thy wiſh,
And thou ſhalt find no *Scorpion*; if, no *Fiſh*.

86

On CRVCIO.

THou ſtil complainſt that *ſorrowes* do attend thee,
And that their *favours* do ſo much annoy thee:
Miſtake not; They are *weapons*, to defend thee;
They be not *Engins*, *Crucio*, to deſtroy theee:
Wilt thou miſlike thy Cropps of ſwelling *Corne*,
Becauſe th'are trencht, & fenc'd about with *thorne*?

87

To RHEMVS.

TIs true; we are but *duſt*; but *wormes*; nay *men*,
That are more baſe then either; And what then?
Shall *wormes*, or *duſt*, or *men* be well advis'd,
To goe in *perſon* (where we have deſpis'd)
Before a *God*, a glorious God? I, doe;
Who bids thee *Come*, will bid thee *Welcome* too:
Rhemus, when call'd in *perſon*, you appeare
By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners, there?
'Tis better to be *wiſely bold*, then make
Thy ſelfe unmannerly, for *manners* ſake:
Some ill-bred Clownes there be, that, being loath
To foule a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloath*.

88

To MACIO.

DRoope not beneath thy wants, as if forlorne;
Thou muſt be made a *Iewell*, to be worne

In

In *Abrams boſome : Macio*, he that comes
To *Abrams boſome*, finds his way, by *Crumms*.

89

On Reproofe.

TIs not enough to ſtrive agin the *Act*,
Or not to *doe't*; we muſt reprove the *Fact*
In others too; The *Sin*, being once made knowne
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes *our owne*:
We muſt *diſſwade* the Vice, we ſcorne to *follow*;
We muſt *ſpit out*, as well as never *ſwallow*.

90

On Cvrio.

TWo *Eares* to let in *Knowledge*, Nature gave;
To entertaine true *Faith*, one *heart* we have;
Why ſo? Ile tell thee *Curio*, in brieſe,
Our *knowledge* twice exceeds our *halfe beliefe*.

91

On Zelvstvs.

ZEluſtus thinks, his paines are worth his labour
If he love *God*, though he traduce his *Neighbour*;
His hot-mouth'd *Zeale* falſe-gallops on ſo faſt
In the *firſt Table*'t tyers in the *laſt*:
Art thou a faithfull *Steward* of Gods ſtore,
Zeluſtus, that ſpends *Sixe*, and keepſt but *Foure*.

92

On PHILAVTOS.

Philauto's Charity is like a *Mouſe*
That keepes at *home*, and never leaves the houſe,
Till it be fir'd: It ſtirres for no mans cauſe,
Vnleſſe to feed on *Crumms* of vaine Applauſe:
Take heed, *Philautos*, leſt thou heed too late;
The *Mouſe*, in time, will eate up thy *Eſtate*.

93

On DVBIVS.

Dvbius, Thy eares are *two*; Thy tongue but *one*;
Heare God and Prieſt; *Confeſſe* to God alone.

94

To Sir IVLIVS CESAR, *Maſter of the Rolles*.

THe high *Perfections*, wherwith heav'n do's pleaſe
To crowne our tranſitory dayes, are theſe;
Goods well poſſeſt, and not poſſeſſing thee:
A faithfull *Friend*; equall in love, degree:
Lands fruitfull, and not conſcious of a *Curſe*:
A boaſtleſſe *hand*; a Charitable *purſe*:
A ſmiling *Conſcience*; A contented *Mind*;
A ſober *knowledge*, with true *Wiſedome*, joynd;
A *Breſt*, well temper'd; *Dyet*, without Art,
Surfeit, or want; A wiſely-ſimple *Heart*;

Paſtime:

Paſtimes ingenious, lawfull, manly, ſparing;
A *Spirit* not contentious raſh, but daring:
A *Body* healthfull, ſound, and fit for labour;
A *Houſe* well order'd; and an equall *Neighbour*:
A prudent *wife*, and conſtant to the roofe;
Sober, but yet not ſad, and faire enough;
Sleepe ſeaſonable, moderate, and ſecure;
Actions heroicke, conſtant, blameleſſe, pure;
A *Life*, as long as faire; and when expir'd,
A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undeſir'd.

95

On Lvcro.

Lvcro, how poor thy *Tyrant-wealth* has made thee!
How miſerable poore! It has betrayd thee
To thy owne ſeeming ſelfe; And it is growne
As little, thine, or leſſe then thou, thy owne:
Alas, poore *Lucro*, how thy fruitfull pawnes
Abuſe thy Stomacke, that ſo often yawnes
For a good Morſell, whilſt thy *Saint* does rome,
Like a *Decoy*, t'entice evill *Angels* home,
Whoſe more imperious preſence muſt controule
And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soule!
Lucro, be ſlave no longer to thy Pelfe;
Subdue thy Gold, and make thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe:
But if thy *Saint* be growne too ſtrong for thee,
Ile tell thee *Lucro*; Turne thy *Saint* to me.

96

On MENDAX.

FAire-ſpoken *Mendax*, on the leaſt occaſion,
Sweares by his *Faith*, and by his owne *Salvation*;
Is raſh-brayne *Mendax*, well adviſed, then,
To pawne his Faith in *God*, for Faith with *Men*?
Sure, ſmall's thy Wit or Credit, to be drawne
For *Wares* ſo poore, to leave ſo great a *Pawne*.

97

On BLANDVS.

WHen ere I wiſh my *Blandus* a Good morrow,
He is my *Servant*: If I come to borrow,
Or but ſalute my *Blandus* paſſing by,
I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* does reply:
If court my *Blandus*, I muſt underſtand,
He is my *Servant*, and does kiſſe my hand:
Diſcourſe with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clauſe ſhall be
I am your *Servant*: If he drinke to mee
My *Servant* does it; I returne his Love,
My *Servant* pledges: If my lips doe move
A Suit, he is my *Servant*; Though I doe
Abuſe my *Blandus*, hee's my *Servant* too:
How bleſt am I, his ſervice ſhould be ſuch
To me! He never told his God ſo much:
How much, dear *Blandus*, haſt thou bound me thine,
That art his *Servant*, not ſo much, as mine!

The

98

On Rebellio.

THe ſtout *Rebellio*, ſcourged by his God,
Slights his Correction, and nere owns the Rod;
Take heed, *Rebellio*; Be not ſtout too long;
Neglected *Stripes* doe oft returne more ſtrong;
A ſtubborne *Silence* more ill nature ſhowes,
Then *Sobbs* of Stomack, and deſerves more blowes.

99

On God and Gold.

MY *God* and *Gold* cannot poſſeſſe one heart:
My *God* and I; or *Gold* and I muſt part.

100

To IAMES *Archbiſhop of Armagh.*

REnowned *Prelate*, I nor know nor care
What ſecret vertue's in Saint *Patricks Chayre*;
If any; I dare boldly ſay, 'tis more
Since thou ſatſt there, then ere it was before:
Goe on, great *Patriarck*; If thy higher Story
(As ſure it will) ſhall drowne S. *Patricks Glory*:
Iberia will, (as now *Iberia* vaunts)
Be knowne, as well as cal'd, *The Iſle of Saints.*

There

101

On a waking Conſcience.

THere is a kind of *Conſcience* ſome men keepe,
Is like a Member that's benumb'd with ſleepe;
Which, as it gathers Blood, and wakes agen,
It *ſhoots*, and *pricks*, and *feeles* as bigg as *ten*.

102

On our Affections.

O How prepoſtrous our *Affections* burne!
We *ſerve* the world; *love* God, to ſerve our turn.

103

On ZELVSTVS.

Zeluſtus weares his cloathes, as he were clod
To frighten *Crowes*, and not to ſerve his *God*;
As if the Symptomes of *Regeneration*
Were nothing but a Chriſtian *out of Faſhion*.

104

On REBELLIO.

WHat? ever whining? Evermore alike, (ſtrike?
Both when *heav'n* ſtrikes & when he leaves to
Not ſtroke thy ſtomacke downe, when as thy God
Is friends with thee, and throwne aſide the Rod?
Take heed, *Rebellio*, heaven doe not replye
Vpon thy *Sobbs*, and hee that made thee crye

For

For thy owne Good, reward not thy repining
With a new *Rod*, & ſcourge thee worſe for *whining*.

105

On ZELVSTVS.

NOt thy *Geneva Ruffe*, nor ſteeple *Hat*
With flagging *Eaves*, or *Cepreſſe* out of date;
Thy nock-ſhorn *Cloake*, with a round narrow Cape;
Thy *Ruſſet hoſe* croſſe-garterd with a *Tape*;
Thy Antick *Habit*, of the old Tranſlation,
Made for the purpoſe in deſpight of *Faſhion*;
Tis none of theſe, *Zeluſtus*, that can bring
Thy Zeale in credit; none of theſe can wring
The leaſt applauſe from heav'n: Heav'n never ment
A Chriſtians *Conſcience* ſhould be bound or bent
To *ſhapes*; *Zeluſtus*, we can ſcarce divide
An *Affectation* from a ſecret *Pride*.

106

On CONSCIO.

ART thou revil'd, and ſlandred? and yet whine?
I feare th'art guilty: Is that heart of thine
So faint (if guiltles) that it cannot ſtoope
Beneath ſo poore a *Burthen*, and not droope?
He that has fire at home may well refraine
To blow his fingers, *Conſcio*, or complaine
The weather's cold abroad: Make ſure within,
And let them cenſure, let them ſnarle agin:
Thou mayſt *appeare*, but not *be* this, the worſe;
If *Conſcience* bleſſe thee, Doe, let *Shemei* curſe.

107

To GOD.

THy ſacred *will* be done, great God,
To ſpend, or to ſuſpend thy *Rod*:
If poſſible, my will's to miſſe it;
If otherwiſe, to ſtoope, and *kiſſe it*.

108

On Devotion.

WE muſt not only *be* to God, but *ſhow*
To Man; *Pauls Cloak* muſt be remẽbred too.

109

On the Chriſtian.

TIs not enough that the *Kings Daughter* ſhould
Be *faire* within; She muſt be clad in *Gold*;
The curious *Needle* cloathes her whiter skin;
Shee's rich *without*, and glorious all *within*:
The true borne *Chriſtian*, muſt, as well, be clod
With *lives* to men, as lin'd with *hearts* to God.

110

On Mercy and Juſtice.

GOds *Mercy* and his *Juſtice* is the ſame;
'Tis but the *Object* that divides the Name.

Before

111

On AVLICVS.

BEfore that *Aulicus* was made a Lord,
He was my Friend; we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts; He could be never weary
Of my ſociety; was jocund, merry;
Ingenious, and as jealous to offend;
He was enjoyd; He could enjoy his friend:
But now he ſwells, looks bigg; his Favours change,
As well as Fortunes: Now his eyes are ſtrange:
His thoughts are *Councels*, curious *webs* of State;
And all his Actions muſt be wonder'd at;
His Speeches muſt be *Lawes*, and every word
An *Oracle*, to be admir'd, ador'd:
Frendſhip muſt now be *ſervice*; A new mold
Muſt have new *Matter*, melted from the old:
O *Aulicus*, 'twere well, if, thou couldſt doe
The very ſame in *ſpirituall honour* too.

112

To RHEMVS.

FAith muſt be joynd to *works*: *Rhemus*, I wonder,
What God has joyn'd, thou dar'ſt preſume to ſunder?

113

On TORTVS.

TIs not the bearing of the *Croſſe*, or *Cup*
Of thy Affliction; Thou muſt take them up:
Nor iſt the taking up, alone, will doe;
Tortus, thou muſt *take up*, and *follow* too.

114

On GRACCHVS.

G*Racchus* ſo often did repeat a *Lye*,
Paſt on, with Credit, from his very youth,
That now his Conſcience has forborne to crye
Againſt it, and perſwades him 'tis a *Truth*:
'Tis well for *Gracchus*; He has gaind thereby;
He now may tell the ſame, and never lye.

115

On PHARES.

THou ſayſt, it is a *Supper*, and is fit
To uſe the *Poſture* of a *Meale*, to ſit:
Can thy Diſcretion, *Phares*, or thy Zeale
Give *carnall Geſtures* to a *ſpiritual Meale*?
A heav'nly *Supper* and a fleſhly *Heart*?
Thy *Poſture* has diſcover'd *what thou art*.

You'l

116

On the ſame.

YOu'l take it *ſitting*: Pray; and no man know it;
You'l doe, and yet you will not ſeeme to doe it:
You'l bow your *Heart*, although you bend no *Knee*;
Tis like your *Selfe*; You ſeeme, not what you bee.

117

To my Booke.

SO; Now tis time to *waine* thee from my breſt;
Thy *Teeth* grow ſharp, *my Babe*; It will be beſt
For both: Thy haſty *Nurſe* is come to take thee
Frō my fond *arms*: Nere whimper; he wil make thee
A dainty golden Coate: Let it ſuffice thee,
Thou art mine ſtil: howere; Thy *Nurſe* wil *prize* thee
For his own ſake and thine: When thou art ſtrong,
And ſure of foot, hee'l let thee ſport among
Thy *fellow children*; He will let thee ſee
The *World*, which thou hadſt never ſeene, with me:
Thou mayſt doe well; if *Fortune* ſtrike thee lucke,
And faire *Opinion*; Thou didſt never ſucke
But one *good Friday*, and thou mayſt improove
As well in *Merit*, as in pop'ular *love*:
Thou haſt *ſixe Brethren* (borne as well as thee
Of a free *Muſe*) legitimate and free;
Pages to *Ceſar*, and in *Ceſars* Court,
Beſides an *Iſhmael*, that attends the Port
Of a great *Lord*, an Honourable *Peere*
Of this bleſt *Realme*: If ere thou wander, there,

They'l bid thee welcome, at their times of leasure,
Perchance, and bring thee to the hand of *Cesar:*
Thou art but young, and tender, (for who knowes
The *paths* of Fate?) perhaps, and one of those
Whom *Clotho* favors not; perchance, thy *Twine*
May be produc'd (for thou art halfe *divine*)
To after Ages, to the utmost date
Of Time; who knowes? but we subscribe to *Fate:*
Perchance, thy Fortune's to be *bought and sold*;
Was not young *Ioseph* serv'd the like of old?
Thy Bondage may, like his, be made, perchance,
A *steppe to Honour*, and a meanes t'advance
Thy higher Fortunes, and prepare thy *hand*
To ease a *dearth*, if *dearth* should strike the Land:
But I transgresse, *my Babe*; 'Tis time to part;
The *Lawes* of Nature breake the *Rules* of Art;
Once more farewel: Let *Heav'ns* high blessings shine
On my *poore Babe*, as my *poore Babe* has mine.

The end of the fourth and last *Booke*.